



THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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SAMUEL BRADBURN,
THE METHODIST DEMOSTHENES.

THE chief characteristic of that remarkable religious movement of which John Wesley was the acknowledged leader, will be found in the manifestation of a spiritual life so rare and well defined that we need to go backward to the apostolic days to find its precedent. This will always be its unfading crown. But this new spiritual life was a wonderful quickener of the intellectual powers of the men who were made partakers of it. Genius wakened at its inspiring touch; and men who could not comprehend the secret of its inspiration, nor enter into sympathy with its aims, were entranced with the music of its songs, devout and martial by turns, by the subtlety of its arguments, its varied and far-reaching eloquence, and its courage and devotion.

Not only were the leaders, the Wesleys, Whitefield, and Fletcher, conspicuous for the highest attributes of genius; the men who were converted under their preaching, and in a measure molded by their training and example, were as remarkable in their place as the leaders. Benson, Clarke, Olivers, Bramwell, and Bradburn are cherished names that, except for this revival which moved their souls and incited their dormant genius, and gave them opportunity for development, would never have been heard of beyond their native towns. But how precious is the memory of these men, and how enviable an immortality they have obtained through faith and their zeal to win the souls of their fellow-men! Olivers' memory, genius, and faith are embalmed in that triumphant lyric, "The God of Abraham praise," which the English-speaking Christian Church has accepted as one of the worthiest expressions of

faith and praise that ever found utterance from human lips. Benson and Clarke, pure in life and convincing in speech, gave a new impulse to Bible study and exposition by their Commentaries, which are yet standard works. The brief record of Bramwell's life of fervent piety and untiring labors will never cease to be accepted as the best type of modern evangelism, and has been an heir-loom of Methodism for half a century. Bradburn's impassioned, soul-moving eloquence, like Whitefield's, is now a tradition, except to a small remnant of veterans of over fourscore years, who testify with the men and women of his day to its extraordinary power.

Bradburn's sermons, with a few exceptions, were not printed. Those collected after his death make a small book of three hundred pages. But later works, biographical and historical, issued by Methodist writers, contain frequent references to his oratorical powers, vindicating his claim to the title bestowed upon him by his admirers, "The Methodist Demosthenes." Shortly after his death a talented daughter published a small volume of memoirs, "consisting principally of a narrative of his early life, written by himself; and extracts from his Journal, which he kept upward of forty years." Dr. Stevens, in his admirable History of Methodism, sketches his life with evident admiration, calling him "The Patrick Henry of Methodism." Within the present year a more extended account of his life and character has been given to the English public by a well-known enterprising Methodist publisher of London.* We intend a brief résumé of his life and character in this article.

* The Life of Samuel Bradburn, the Methodist Demosthenes. By Thomas W. Blanchard. London: Elliot Stock, 62 Paternoster Row. 1871.

Samuel Bradburn was born at Gibraltar, Spain, October 5, 1751. His father had been inveigled into the British army, as was the custom in those days, by having some pieces of gold coin slipped into his pocket in an unguarded moment. But a few days had elapsed since his marriage, and his wife, who could not bear the thought of so early a separation, followed him into the army. While the regiment was in Flanders the Bradburns had been so profited by the preaching of John Haime, one of Mr. Wesley's early army preachers, that they were preserved from the vices and follies of camp life. They did not formally join the Methodist society, but attended as far as possible upon its services. Young Bradburn did not have the advantages of a school, but acquired the rudiments of education from his parents. At the earliest opportunity the Bradburns retired from army life, and returned to their former home in Chester. Samuel had been carefully trained, and was reckoned an excellent boy. He was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and became proficient at his trade.

As early as in 1765, under the preaching of Joseph Guilford, one of Mr. Wesley's itinerants, Samuel Bradburn seemed to obtain the experience of justification by faith. But he did not long remain in this condition. His trade companions were a wild, wicked set of fellows, and he yielded to their temptations. Soon he became noted for a disregard of religion, and grew defiant in recklessness. He retained his desire for intellectual improvement, but the books that delighted him were immoral and infidel. According to his own statement but one redeeming quality remained—a tender affection for his mother, whom, he says, "I still loved as my own soul."

When he was about eighteen years of age he had the good fortune to be employed by an earnest Methodist, and his wicked associations were in a manner broken up. God's Spirit sought him again, and the folly and wickedness of his life overwhelmed him with anguish. It was not long before his burdened soul found peace through faith in Christ, and he joined the Methodist society. Religious books charmed him again, he was attentive to all the means of grace, and, in the absence of his father, conducted family worship.

In a little while it began to be whispered about among the members of the society that young Bradburn's talents and grace would find appropriate exercise in the ministry. He frequently accompanied the circuit preacher on the Sabbath; he had an unusual freedom in prayer and exhortation, and his labors were

advantageous to the Church. On an occasion when Mr. Wesley was in Chester, and gave him the sacraments of the Lord's-Supper, he yielded to the conviction that he was called to preach. More than a year passed away before he preached his first sermon, on a visit to a neighboring town, from the text, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" So favorable was the impression produced, that at night, when he preached again, the crowd was so great that many could not get into the room, and he greatly surpassed the morning sermon. He sought counsel of the saintly Fletcher, preached for him on Easter-day, and was encouraged to give himself entirely to the ministry. At the commencement of the following year, 1774, he was invited by his friends to Liverpool, and was every-where spoken of as a young man of great promise. Making a visit to London, with the consent of Mr. Wesley, to collect funds for a church at Wigan, he was successful, and his future relation to the "connection" was no longer a matter of doubt.

Bradburn's name appears on the minutes of the Conference that year as the assistant to two older preachers on the Liverpool circuit. He was now nearly twenty-three years old, had an extensive reading for one in his rank of life, and had passed through religious experiences quite unusual to one of his age. His associations since his conversion had done much to establish his character, and his public exercises had given him confidence, and been a source of spiritual enjoyment. His mind was active, and he became a diligent student, mastering the religious controversies of the time, in which Fletcher had proven his eminent ability as a controversial writer.

There was an early development of the contradictory elements of character for which he became noted as he grew older. He had a generous heart that could never comprehend the necessity for economy till his inconsiderate charities had beggared him for the time. On the pages of his journal we find in frequent company his distress at the knowledge that he had "not a shilling in his pocket," and unexpected succor which he accepted with child-like thankfulness. Mr. Wesley sympathized with this failing, and allowed him to apply to him in such difficulties, and the following correspondence is preserved. Mr. Wesley's letter contained five pound notes:

"DEAR SAMMY,—'Trust in the Lord, and do good: so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.'

"Yours affectionately,

"JOHN WESLEY."

Bradburn replied:

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I have often been struck with the beauty of the passage of Scripture quoted in your letter, but I must confess that I never saw such *useful explanatory notes* upon it before. I am, reverend and dear sir, your obedient and grateful servant,

"S. BRADBURN."

His great talents did not move in perfect harmony, and it may be questioned whether his eccentricities added to his popularity among any class of audiences. Often the best passages in his sermons were followed with caustic wit-ticisms which he was not always careful to put in delicate phrase. He did not seem to indulge in this as an element of success, but yielded to the natural impulse which he was not anxious to restrain. A rugged buoyancy of animal spirits and ingrained independence of character at times, especially in the social circle, found liberty in so broad and reckless humor that it passed beyond the bounds of ministerial propriety, to say the best of it. He was not unconscious of this failing, and the mortification that it gave to his friends, who frequently chided him over these excesses, and he promised to reform, but did not reform. But this is the most faulty side of the man—the blemishes of a remarkable intellect, and a glowing heart full of manly and loving impulses, and grand imaginations that could sway the multitude and command the attention of the most critical. He was fully up to the lofty standard of itinerant activity with which Mr. Wesley inspired his men in his best days.

It is not our intention to follow Mr. Bradburn from circuit to circuit during the forty years that his name appears on the Minutes of the Wesleyan Conference. An occasional gleaning will answer our purpose as gathering on these pages the annual harvest of his successful labors.

In 1776 Bradburn was appointed to Limerick, Ireland. When four months had passed Mr. Wesley removed him to Dublin. His health was not firm, yet his labors were abundant, and he steadily grew in reputation as an impressive and useful preacher. He was four years in Ireland, bringing away with him an excellent wife. The story of his courtship and marriage, as related by himself and others, is amusing and in harmony with his character. He could not be other than an ardent lover, and in his case, as in many others, the course of love did not run smooth. Two years of anxiety and waiting, although often in blustering mood, secured him the coveted prize. But even then Mr. Wesley's shrewdness was necessary on the wedding day.

The Methodist itinerancy in England, at the time of which we write, was not so pleasant as it is to-day. In most parts the circuits were large and the labor severe. Thirty sermons a month, meeting the classes, and abundant pastoral duties, was not beyond the average demand. The temporal support was generally as meager as the labor was difficult. It would be beyond belief to suppose that these labors and privations did not often become the source of severe temptations, especially among the more talented ministers. They saw the regular Church of England clergy, and the Independents as well, in places of usefulness, secure in moderate labors and liberal allowances of material comforts. Then as now tempting offers came, in most cases from the better class of religious people, to enter into Established Churches, and not a few passed out of the itinerant ranks to enjoy the ease. Bradburn passed through such an assault on his loyalty at a time when he was greatly pressed in his temporal affairs. It was at Leeds, in 1784, and the offer an enticing one. But he proved true to the Church that had nurtured him. He wrote: "It was from principle and conscience I rejected this offer; being resolved to go forward in the way wherein God had called and blessed me, and to live and die a Methodist preacher."

Bradburn advanced in reputation as a preacher until his name became well known throughout English Methodism. He had, in a remarkable manner, the good-will of his brethren, and stood well in the esteem of Mr. Wesley, who was quick to detect talent and piety. But he did not escape his share of earthly sorrow. Death snatched away one child after another from his tender heart, and in the latter part of 1785 he could no longer blind his eyes to the fact that his wife, whom he loved ardently, was slowly passing away from earth. On the first day of February, in the following year, her flickering life went out, and he was left in dense darkness. He was in infirm health, suffering constant, severe pain, and three little ones appealed to him for a mother's care. Under such circumstances he did not long remain a widower, and we can not wonder at it. Mr. Wesley took him to Gloucester on a preaching tour, and introduced him to Miss Sophia Cooke, whose name is historic, as having suggested to Robert Raikes, the reputed founder of Sabbath-schools, the duty of teaching and taking to church the neglected children of that city. They were married in August, and she proved a faithful and devoted wife.

In the mean time Mr. Wesley had taken Bradburn to London, domiciled him in his own

house, and made him his assistant in the oversight of the temporal affairs of the Church. But the position was not congenial to a man whose proper place was in the pulpit, and he did not long remain at the metropolis. He was stationed at Manchester when, on March 2, 1791, Mr. Wesley died, and he published a short but interesting sketch of Mr. Wesley's character. Mr. Wesley's death could not be otherwise than a severe stroke for Methodism. Many, even those who acknowledged his great worth and the value of his labors, had been forward in prophesying as he grew old, that his death would be followed by a speedy and complete wreck of the organization that had grown up under his skillful guidance. For a time it seemed possible that Methodism would be sacrificed. During six years there were anxious hearts and fervent prayers as the societies passed through the ordeal of adapting themselves to the new condition of affairs. It was also a period of political and social revolution on the continent, with mad attempts on every side to throw off legitimate authority, that passion and selfishness might be established in its place. Among the true hearts and wise heads that brought peace and strength out of the confusion, Bradburn deserves honorable mention. His hold upon the people was wonderful, and his earnest co-operation with Benson, Clarke, Coke, Pawson, Mather, and other leading men, gave great countenance to the measures which finally produced harmony. Bradburn had not the coolness, and poise, and capacity for affairs that distinguished Benson and others of his brethren; and his natural ardor and generosity led him to sympathize with republican tendencies, but he did not waver in his loyalty to the Church. Nor did his ministerial brethren refuse to bestow upon him the coveted honors of the Conference. He was four times elected secretary of that body, and at the session of 1799 he was elevated to the Presidency, the highest honor that can be bestowed upon an English Wesleyan minister. He was uniformly assigned to the most desirable appointments, and his great popularity as a preacher grew wider and wider.

How pleasant it would be to see such a life full and complete in usefulness and honor to its last day! But his life was not a perfect one, as we have already intimated, and the later portion of it was under shadows and difficulties which demanded and obtained the sympathy and pity of all who knew him. Teetotalism has never been the practice of Englishmen, not even of English Wesleyan ministers. Mr. Bradburn drank wine, more or less, as perhaps

nine out of ten of his ministerial brethren did. His health was not good, and his infirmities increased with his years. Scarcely any one of his times, under the circumstances, would have thought there was the least impropriety in his using it regularly with due moderation. Upon a certain occasion, the dedication of a new chapel, he indulged to an extent that its effects were plainly visible, and, as a matter of course, it was considered a grave offense. The preacher in charge of the circuit where the offense had been committed had the matter brought before the next Conference. It was a sad time. Bradburn had offered ample apologies, but the case was considered peculiar. Only three years before he had been elected President of the Conference. Never before had one having held this exalted position committed an offense against Christian morals and propriety. He was censured by the body, and his name left off the list, but he had a nominal appointment. There can scarcely be a doubt that the Conference dealt rigorously with him, for there were extenuating circumstances that were of great weight. Without doubt, his mental powers had received a severe shock in a serious illness only a short time before. He conducted himself with such humility, even thanking his brethren for the discipline, that he never appeared nobler in the eyes of his best friends. At the next Conference he was restored to his former standing, and his name appeared again honorably on the Minutes. How greatly he prized this may be seen from the following brief entry in his journal: "I bless thee, O Lord, for the love that the preachers manifest toward me, and for my restoration to a proper name among them."

Age, sickness, and the remembrance of his fault wore heavily upon him, and a great change was manifest. But the testimony is general that he grew in spirituality, and enjoyed great religious comfort.

We need not follow him from year to year during the remainder of his life. He retained his popularity as a preacher among the people, but his mind and memory gradually failed. Only on rare occasions did his genius flash out as it had done in his best days. Yet he kept up his old plan of study, and contended manfully against the encroachments which he could not entirely resist. Old friends, at Conference, sought his appointment among them, and cherished him with tender care. The best circuits in the "connection" were constantly awarded to him. In 1812 he was appointed to Liverpool, where forty years before he had commenced his ministry. Two years were spent there, full of success to the Church, and of

spiritual growth to himself. His next, and last appointment, was to the London East circuit, where he labored with unwearied faithfulness until in December, 1815, when he finally retired from pulpit services.

One who visited him when he was no longer able to preach, writes: "The few times that I had the melancholy pleasure of visiting him, after he had ceased from preaching, it appeared to me that humility, meekness, simplicity, and godly sincerity were evident, not only in his conversation, but even in his silence. Without the least appearance of gloom or melancholy, he seemed to have nearly, if not entirely, divested himself of all that wit and gayety for which he had been so long remarkable. In short, I found him in that humble, patient, happy, and resigned frame of spirit, which became an aged minister of Christ, who had so long, so often, and so well preached the Gospel of salvation."

On Wednesday, July 24, 1816, he fell, it was supposed, in an apoplectic fit, and lingered in almost silent but conscious hope in Christ till the following Friday.

The Conference was in session at London when he died, and accorded him its fullest meed of honor and respect. Dr. Adam Clarke read the burial service, and James Wood and Henry Moore, two of the oldest and most honored ministers, delivered addresses to the assembled Conference and an immense crowd of loving friends. He sleeps near the great Wesley, only a brick wall separating their graves, surrounded in death by a score of the greatest names that have adorned Methodism.

Mr. Bradburn's great ability as an orator had its foundation in natural qualities, as all true oratory has; but the element which gave him success in the pulpit is to be found in his Christian character and experience. He was a man of fine personal presence, easy and engaging in manners, and in the pulpit impressed the audience with an appearance of dignity and intellectuality. There was a kind of royal affluence in his oratory that fascinated all classes. Few men have possessed a voice of greater compass, clear and mellow in every intonation. He was conscious of its attraction, and had bestowed great care in its cultivation. All persons remarked the perfection of his pronunciation, and the beauty of passages of Scripture and poetry as they fell from his lips. Study was his constant delight.

So early did he discover that the pulpit was his place of power, that his life-long studies were directed to that object. Therefore he never spoke at random, but devoted the time

snatched from his pastoral duties to careful pulpit preparation. He excelled in naturalness and simplicity of arrangement, exercising an unusual care in the choice of words when stating his propositions. His arguments were not only acute, but carried conviction from their skillful arrangement. In pathos, the subtle power to move the soul to its depth, he was without a peer among his brethren. Tender or bold, as the occasion demanded, he was prodigal in phrase and illustration. He was neither rapid nor boisterous in delivery, but moved with grace and majesty in the most impassioned portions of his discourse.

His themes revealed how he held all things subordinate to the only true end of the Gospel ministry—the salvation of souls. He was an evangelist in the best sense of the word. His journal reveals how earnestly he sought to be a living minister of the Gospel of Christ.

There was no blemish except his occasional incongruous sallies of wit and humor; but these, even when most out of place, did not destroy the force of his oratory, for they seemed never any thing else than the unrestrained wantonness of an opulent but rank naturalness. No one was farther removed from sensationalism, and modern or ancient tricks to gain popular applause.

Success attended him among all classes. His tenderness and spirituality were peculiarly grateful to the common and poor people; the cultivated and learned were none the less delighted. Adam Clarke, who knew him well, having been his co-laborer on the Manchester circuit, says: "I have never heard his equal; I can furnish you with no adequate idea of his powers as an orator; we have not a man among us that will support any thing like a comparison with him. Another Bradburn must be created, and you must hear him for yourself before you can receive a satisfactory answer to your inquiries." Richard Watson, the writer of the Theological Institutes, says, "I am not a very excitable subject, but Mr. Bradburn's preaching affected my whole frame. I felt the thrill to the very extremity of my fingers, and my hair actually seemed to stand on end."

There has been but one man since his death, in the pale of Methodism, who, for wide and enduring popularity and command of a multitude, can be in the least compared with him—Robert Newton. In natural physical endowments they were not unlike; but Bradburn far excelled Newton in all the higher qualities of genius. Had Bradburn, in his best days, fallen under the inspiration of the missionary cause, and been allowed the freedom of the platform, we do

not doubt that he would have added greatly to his fame. As it is, he stands at the head of his class, in the front ranks of the greatest masters of oratory, a name never to be forgotten in the annals of Methodism.

A VISIT TO THE CATACOMBS OF ST. CALIXTUS.

DURING the first half of the month of April, 1868, while the passion and resurrection of our Savior were being celebrated with great pomp and ceremony in the "Eternal City," we—my wife and four American fellow-travelers—visited, among other places of interest, the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, situated on the celebrated "*Via Appia*," outside of Rome. There is scarcely another place in Europe that contains such a fullness of sacred memories for thinking Christians as the catacombs of Rome. Indeed, he who takes a lively interest in the history of the early Christian Church, will find more information concerning her life and faith in the subterranean passages and chambers of the catacombs than in the basilicas of Rome, with all their dazzling splendor and wealth of legends. True, the city itself contains places associated with the history of the early Church, such as the Mamertinian Prison, where the apostle Peter is said to have been imprisoned; and the grottoes beneath the church of St. Peter, where the coffins of Peter and some of the other apostles are said to be deposited. But stern historical criticism confronts the exaggerations of the mass of Roman legends in regard to most of these places, rendering many of them doubtful; but in wandering through and examining the visible remains of the "subterranean Rome," we gain a tolerably correct idea of the life, manners, customs, etc., of the heroic Christians of the first four centuries. The falsity of the assertion made by such writers as Misson, Zorn, etc., that the catacombs were simply heathen burial-places, and the inscriptions found therein pious impositions of monks, has been sufficiently established to need here no further notice.*

Descending from the Capitolium of ancient Rome toward the "Forum Romanum"—places of grand historical associations, from beneath whose magnificent ruins the voices of past cen-

turies speak to us volumes of departed grandeur and glory, magnificence and power, justice and intrigue, peace and war—we come to an avenue of locust-trees, leading to the triumphal arch of Titus, behind which the Coliseum rises in majestic grandeur—that amphitheater of Vespasian, of which it is said: "*Quamdiu stat Colysaeus, stat et Roma; quando cadet Colysaeus, cadet et Roma; quando cadet Roma, cadet et mundus*"—as long as the Coliseum stands, Rome also stands; when the Coliseum falls, Rome also falls; and when Rome falls, the world also falls. Passing beneath the Arch of Constantine and further on past the towering ruins of the Baths of Caracalla and the Tomb of the Scipios, we arrive at the gate of St. Sebastian. On issuing forth we are on the celebrated "*Via Appia*"—"the Queen of Highways," as the Roman poet Statius called it—upon which the apostle Paul came to Rome from Puteoli, and Belisarius led his army against Rome. Walking along the "*Via Appia*," both sides of which are literally strewn with masses of imperial ruins, we come to a small church called "*Domine, quo vadis?*"—Lord, whither goest thou? It is built upon the spot where Christ with the cross is said to have met the apostle Peter fleeing from Rome. "Lord, whither goest thou?" exclaimed Peter, sinking on his knees. "I am coming to Rome in order to be again crucified," was the answer of Christ. We step into this little church. Within an inclosure is a marble slab with foot-prints on it, said to be copies of the foot-prints of Jesus. The church of St. Sebastian further on is said to contain his veritable foot-prints. Leaving the church somewhat incredulous, we ascend a little vine-clad hill. Turning around we behold on one side Rome with its innumerable spires and ruins, and the magnificent dome of St. Peter's towering dreamily toward heaven, and on the other the beautiful Tivoli, behind which rise the Sabine and Alban Mountains, while immediately around us lies stretched out the vast Campagna, through which, resting on high and massive arches, the Claudian aqueduct draws itself in a most picturesque manner, and above us is the deeply blue Italian sky. This is the place beneath which the "City of the Dead"—"the mysterious city of the heroic ages of Christianity"—ramifies itself in different directions for hundreds of miles.*

Having neglected to procure tickets of admission from the proper authorities, we were given to understand by the officer in charge

* See "La Roma Sotterranea Christiana. Descritta ed Illustrata dal Cav. G. B. de Rossi. Tom. I and II. Roma." Also, "Aus den Catakomben des Callistus an der Via Appia zu Rom. Von E. Alex. Dresden." Besides our own observations, we are indebted to these works for some of the facts and information contained in the present article.

* It is said that the combined length of all subterranean passages around Rome is about twelve hundred miles, and that they contain the graves of about five millions of Christians.

that we could not be admitted. Showing him my official passport, and at the same time pressing a few scudi—dollars—into his hands he permitted us to enter. Each having been provided with a candle or torch, we followed our guides in descending a stone step. Gradually our eyes became accustomed to the gloomy and narrow passages, lighted only by the pale light of a few candles. On each side are excavations or shelf-like openings—loculi—serving as receptacles for coffins and corpses. These passages have a serpentine winding, are sometimes so narrow that one can scarcely walk along without touching both sides; and sometimes they widen into a vault or chapel; sometimes they are so low that one is required to bow in walking, at other times they have a height of six or eight feet. Beneath this city of the dead lies a second, and beneath that a third and fourth. It is a perfect labyrinth of streets, alleys, by-ways, passages, vaults, etc., that without experienced guides one would become irretrievably lost. Whithersoever we turn, we stand at the graves of Christian martyrs of the first four or five centuries. The inscriptions, epigrams, monograms, etc., found in various places, furnish abundant evidences in proof of the fact.

We will notice some of these inscriptions, etc. They are generally names of deceased persons, short prayers, and symbols, scratched or engraved with a sharp instrument either on the walls or on marble slabs covering the graves. Occasionally some kind of chalk seems to have also been used. In order to perpetuate the memory of martyred or deceased Christians, their names, ages, etc., with an occasional pious sentiment or symbol, were scratched or engraved by their surviving friends on marble slabs covering their resting-place. These furnished a clew to the discovery of the graves of some of the most celebrated Christians and bishops, as well as to determining to a great extent their doctrines, faith, love, practice, etc. Indeed, Prof. Dr. Piper, in his "Introduction to Monumental Theology" and his "Christian Almanac," says that a system of Christian doctrines might be deciphered from these inscriptions, etc. They furnished to De Rossi the clew for the discovery of the graves of the bishops of the third century. After most careful investigations this learned man became convinced that they must be in the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, and not in those of St. Sebastian, as believed by the pilgrims of the Middle Ages. Nor was he mistaken. Careful excavations were being made, and in March, 1854, the upper arch of a large vault or a kind of cemetery became visible. Soon he discovered many names, mon-

ograms, etc., engraved in Greek and Latin characters upon tablets of stone, such as, "Remember Elaphius," "Dionysius," "Mayest thou live in God," etc. According to his report, De Rossi discovered there the crypts and chapel of Bishop Sixtus II, and that of St. Cæcilia, in the immediate vicinity of which lie also buried the bishops of the third century. The character of the letters and style of these inscriptions, he says, points to the fourth and fifth century. Is it a wonder that an enthusiastic visitor, standing at the place where innumerable martyrs are said to lie buried, seems to have given vent to his feelings by scratching the following exclamation against the wall?—"Jerusalem, city and ornament of the martyrs of the Lord, whose" . . . Here he seems to have been interrupted in his eulogy on the "subterranean Jerusalem." Another early visitor inscribed in several places the following short prayers for a deceased friend, whether his mother, sister, or bride is not known: "*Sofronia vivas!*"—Sofronia, mayest thou live! "*Sofronia in Domino!*"—S. in the Lord! "*Sofronia dulcis semper vivas in Deo.* . . . *Sofronia vivas!*"—sweetest Sofronia, mayest thou always live in God! . . . Sofronia, mayest thou live! "I do not know," says De Rossi, "whether archaeology can furnish us monuments richer in life and poetry than these few lines written by an unknown hand."

Other and still more interesting inscriptions have been found in the catacombs of St. Calixtus. Most of the stone tablets containing them have been removed to the Lateran Museum at Rome. Their historical arrangement in the walls there is largely due to the industry and archaeological skill of De Rossi. Of great importance are the inscriptions of the Bishop Damasus († 384). Such of them as have been deciphered by De Rossi are poetic eulogies of the martyrs.

The inscriptions, etc., are divided into two classes; namely, the *ante-Constantinian* and the *post-Constantinian*. The distinguishing feature of the latter class is the monogram of Christ (☧), composed of the first two letters, interlocked, of the Greek word for "Christ;" the rest of the inscriptions are in Latin characters, badly executed, and generally by the same hand. The names are written in full, accompanied by dates, etc. The *ante-Constantinian* inscriptions seldom contain any thing more than the mere name of a person. Occasionally they are accompanied by a symbol or figure indicating either their faith, or their rank, or profession. On a marble slab containing the inscription, "ELEMERA IN PACE" (Euemera in peace), is found the figure of a fish—the symbol

of faith of the early Church. The five letters composing the Greek word ΙΧΘΥΣ (fish) were used by the early Church to indicate the initials of the formula of their faith: "Ι(ησούς) Χ(ριστός), Θ(εοῦ) Υ(ἱοῦ) Σ(ωτήρ)," "Jesus Christ, God's Son, Savior." This word was the mysterious symbol and pass-word, intelligible only to the Christians. Another marble slab contains the following inscription: "Valerius Pardus Felicissima Conjugi Optimo," (V. P. Felicissima to her very good husband.) To the right of the inscription is a palm branch—probably the sign of martyrdom—and an image of the deceased, to all appearances a gardener, holding in his right hand a vine knife, and in his left a vegetable plant. Another marble slab, besides the inscription, "Faustinianum," contains, 1, an anchor in the form of a cross—probably indicating that the Christian clings with his hope to the cross of Christ; 2, a dove, the symbol of the Holy Spirit, sometimes also of the human spirit or soul, which, disengaged from the body, is mounting with expanded wings up to heaven; 3, an olive branch, signifying peace; 4, a lamb, representing either the faithful in his earthly inoffensive life, or Jesus, the Lamb of God, the hope of salvation. Very affecting is the inscription on another tablet relating to a child: "Chresime Victoria. Chresime, sweetest and most obedient daughter, live in God. She died, aged five years, seven months, five days. Chresimus and Victoria the parents."

Of great historical importance are the inscriptions found on the graves of some of the bishops of the third century. In 1849 a triangular piece of marble was found near the entrance to the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, bearing the inscription, "NELIVS MARTYR." In 1852 the grave of Bishop Cornelius (†252) was discovered, and another piece of marble was found, exactly fitting the above one, so that the whole inscription reads: "CORNELIVS MARTYR EP(iscopus)." The size of the two pieces when put together was such as to fit the opening of the grave which De Rossi had designated as that of Cornelius. Several other inscriptions, in very small Greek and Latin characters, were found thereon; namely, "Tusilatus," (Theophylactus), "Petrus," "Atrianus," "Leo," "Gregor" (presbyteros), "Bibianus." Other marble fragments have been found bearing the names of several bishops, such as "Auteros, ep." (235-36), "Fabianus, ep. mart." (236-50), "Lucius" (252-53), "Eutychianes, episc." (274-83). According to De Rossi these various inscriptions appear to have been written by different hands. He also believes that the oldest portion of these catacombs is the *Crypt of Lucina*. Here the

oldest inscriptions are found. The letters, mostly Greek, are large and well executed. A marble slab found here contains in the middle a shield with the name "VRBICA" engraved upon it; to the left is an anchor; to the right an olive-tree and a dove, signifying, no doubt, the anchor of hope, the shield of faith, the olive branch of peace, and the spirit of consolation. Upon another marble slab is engraved, in beautiful Greek letters, the name "Hesperus," beneath which is an anchor with a cross; and on still another are inscribed the names "Roufina," "Eirene," with a cross beneath them.

Besides inscriptions, symbols, etc., there are also found works of art. Works of art in the catacombs? Yes, but not in such a state of perfection as in the Vatican, and the different basilicas and palaces of the "Eternal City." After having gazed with wonder and admiration on the sublime fresco of the "*Last Judgment*" in the Sistine Chapel, painted by the immortal Michael Angelo, or upon the "*Transfiguration of Christ*" in the Vatican—that unequalled masterpiece of the equally immortal Raphael—or upon "*Apollo Belvidere*," or the group of "*Laocoön*," or the "*Dying Gladiator*"—these finished masterpieces of the art of sculpture, or upon the almost innumerable gems of art distributed throughout the various museums, galleries, palaces, and churches of Rome—one becomes almost indifferent to inferior works of art. And yet the works of art found in the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, though of an inferior order, possess a peculiar charm and interest. They consist mostly of frescos on the walls, bass-reliefs on sarcophagi, plates, cups, medals, etc. They remind us not so much of the peculiar employment of those early Christians, but of their peculiar mode of life and thought. While the imperial power of ancient Rome persecuted the early Christian Church, and scattered the "little flock" as a wolf scatters a flock of sheep, many of its members took refuge in this "subterranean city," strengthened by heroic faith in, and love for Christ, and employed their time by singing, praying, and painting by dim lamp-light the symbols of their faith and hope. Frescos of the *Good Shepherd* carrying a lamb upon his shoulders are of frequent occurrence. Other frescos represent events of Bible history, both of the Old and New Testaments. Still others represent mythological fables, to which symbolic significance seems to have been attached. In one instance Orpheus is represented among wild beasts, symbolizing Christ among the heathens. On the projecting wall between two graves are painted two peacocks, regarded by some as symbols of immor-

tality, for their flesh was considered as undecaying.* Examining the frescos in the so-called "Chapel of the Sacraments," we see the image of a grave-digger clothed with a tunic looped up, and holding a spade in his hand. Then comes a tripod table, upon which lie a loaf of bread and a plate containing a fish. To the left of the table is a male figure clothed with a pallium, the right shoulder being exposed, and stretching his hands over the table. It represents probably a minister saying grace. To the right is a female figure with raised hands, in a praying attitude. On the same wall are also representations of the offering up of Isaac, and of a repast; seven persons are sitting around a table, upon which are plates with fishes, and near it stand eight baskets full of bread. A grave-digger closes that series of pictorial representations. On the wall opposite the entrance is a representation of Moses striking the rock with his staff. Of the other walls, the one contains only a representation of a bird and an arabesque; and the other, representations of a bird, a fisherman in the act of drawing a fish by a hook out of the water, and of a man clad only with an apron besprinkling a boy with water, the latter standing in the water up to his ankles. On the ceiling are representations of the *Good Shepherd*, and of events from Jonah's life. It is supposed that this chapel was used not only for the purpose of holding meetings therein, but more especially for the purpose of celebrating the two sacraments. In imagination one can almost hear those early Christians breathing forth their earnest prayers and songs of praise. We almost receive their inspirations, their earnestness and devotion, as we wander through the places of their heroic suffering, and behold by the dim candle light the symbols of their faith and read the sentiments of their love.

But it is impossible to describe in one article the various inscriptions, symbols, frescos, etc., found in the numerous cells and winding passages of the Catacombs of St. Calixtus. We have given sufficient data, however, to show their immense importance in the investigation and study of the life, doctrines, persecutions, etc., of the primitive Christian Church. True, Pope Pius IX has expressed it as his opinion that the catacombs can be to none of such real

interest as to a Roman Catholic. But we are inclined to believe that he is mistaken. We would like to ask him: Do not these *silent* and *simple* homes of the early Christians raise a *loud protest* against the *costliness* and *magnificence* of the Catholic churches of modern Rome and of other cities—a *loud protest* against the *luxury* and *splendor* of the popes and cardinals, bishops and priests—against *worldly power* and *royal possessions*—against *false sacraments* and *works of supererogation*—against the *deification of man, and the worship of Mary and of the saints?* Those heroic Christians suffered and died for their simple but strong faith in Jesus, the Good Shepherd; their hope clung to his cross, and their only boast was "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Savior of the World." They lived, suffered, and died in the gloomy "subterranean Jerusalem;" they now live in the noontide splendor and glory of the "Jerusalem above,"

"Where fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
Where rays divine disperse the gloom,
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven."

THE MEETING AT THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

"WHAT is going on there?" said young Mr. Nelson to a gentleman with whom he was taking a drive. They were passing a small school-house situated in the outskirts of a rural township.

"A prayer-meeting," said Mr. Lawton. The tone in which those words were uttered indicated the speaker's estimate of prayer-meetings. After a brief silence he added, "They have their own way of enjoying themselves, but they do n't disturb others, which is more than can be said of some of the religious."

They had reached a place where a small brook crossed the road. While the horse stopped to quench his thirst, the occupants of the school-house raised a hymn. It was that hymn which has stirred so many hearts and moistened so many eyes, which, though not beyond the reach of artistic criticism, will be sung by the elect of God until the end of time,

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins."

Though they were at some distance from the school-house, the tones of a rich soprano voice fell distinctly on the ear.

"That is a fine voice," said Nelson; "I should like to know the person to whom it belongs."

* In St. Augustine's "*De Civitate Dei*" (lib. xxi, cap. iv), we read the following on this subject: *Quis enim nisi Deus Creator omnium auditum carnis pavonis mortui ne putresceret? Quod quum auditum incredibile videretur. Evenit ut apud Carthaginem nobis cocta apponenteret haec avis; de cuius pectore pulparum, quantum visum est, decerpserit servari jussimus; quod post diernum tantum spatium, quanto alia caro quaecunque cocta putresceret, prolatum atque oblatum, nihil nostrum offendit olfactum, etc.*

The remark would indicate that the only feeling awakened was that of curiosity, whereas, in fact, the hymn went to his heart. The remark was made to conceal the impression.

"Your desire," said Mr. Lawton, "can be very easily gratified. She boards next door to us."

"Indeed!"

"She teaches school in this district."

"A school-mistress, is she? I thought her voice was the voice of a lady."

"She is lady-like. She is said to be well educated."

"She is dependent on her own resources, I suppose."

"No, her father is a man of considerable property."

"Why, then, does she teach school?"

"They say she teaches for the sake of doing good. I suppose we must believe it, just as we must believe that some persons take boarders for company."

They rode on for some time in silence. "You are thinking of the owner of the voice," said Lawton.

"No," said Nelson, "I was wondering of what materials the meeting yonder is composed."

"I can put an end to your wondering by exact information. If you were to go there now, you would find Mr. Derby, once a school-master, but who, his health failing, betook himself to some of the lighter forms of manual labor; Mrs. Wright, a widow about seventy years of age, who is supported in a small way by her step-son; and Miss Jemima Reese, commonly called Aunt Jemima, who is washer-woman in ordinary to the village and neighborhood."

"You have omitted the owner of the voice."

"I do n't know whether Miss Sanders is a regular attendant or not. There are occasional skirmishers, but those I have named form the regular line."

"I should like to look in upon them."

"You can find the voice at the next door any evening you look for it."

"I have no objection to seeing Miss Sanders, but I was not thinking of her in particular; I should like to see the gathering."

"If you were to go they would know that you came merely from curiosity. I do n't think that an improper motive, but its exercise might lessen the sum of human happiness. They are well-meaning persons, and really believe that God attends to what they say, and is influenced by their requests and advice. So long as they mind their own business they ought not to be disturbed. If it does them any good to tune

their pipes and repeat their amens, I am sure I have no objection."

"After all, are they not wiser than we are?"

"In what respect?"

"By believing as they do, and acting in accordance with their belief."

"They have a capacity which you and I lack."

"What is that?"

"A capacity for believing without evidence."

"Is n't it better to believe without evidence, than not to believe at all?"

"It may be, but we have n't the gift. I admit it is a good thing for them, that is for Derby, and Wright, and Jemima, to make much of what they call religion. I do n't understand Miss Sanders's movements. She has intelligence, and the world before her, and the means of enjoying it. Her course, to me, is somewhat mysterious."

"I am half inclined to think that those who lead what is called a religious life are happier than we are."

"You can go over to them at any time. They would be quite jubilant over such a distinguished convert. Before you try the experiment, remember that one course of life is adapted to make one man happy, and another course another. The course adopted by Derby and his friends is no doubt adapted to make them happy. God made us all to be happy; but he did not make us all to be happy in the same way. The principle of adaptation pervades the universe. When it is disregarded, disorder and unhappiness follow. The rabbit should not undertake to build its nest in the tree-top, and the bird should not invade the privacy of the trout that has its home under the roots of the elm that overhangs the stream."

"What inference would you have drawn from your analogies?"

"That every one should seek for happiness by the use of means suited to his disposition and circumstances."

"Would it not be more correct to say that each one should seek for happiness by means suited to his nature?"

"That is only another mode of expressing the same truth."

"The bird seeks its happiness in the air, which is adapted to its nature, and the fish in the water. The geese live in flocks, for it is their nature to do so. If man has a religious nature, should he not seek for happiness by a course of conduct adapted to develop and exercise that nature?"

The conversation was interrupted by their arrival at the village. They repaired to their lodgings and to their respective rooms

Our readers will desire to know something of the antecedents of the gentlemen to whom they have been introduced. Mr. Lawton was about forty years of age. He was extensively engaged in business, which brought him several times in the course of the year to Melville. He had not received the benefits of a liberal education, but had sharpened his intellect by intense devotion to business. He was a man of great general intelligence, and was prosperous in his business relations.

In early life he received very little if any religious instruction. Just as he was entering manhood he became the subject of certain so-called religious exercises, which were characterized by strong excitement. He thought he was converted; but the fiery zeal and censorious spirit he manifested, led sober and thoughtful men to fear that his goodness would be as the early cloud and the morning dew. These fears were realized. In a short time his religious profession was abandoned, and a disbelief of the reality of religion proclaimed. He had experienced it all, he said, and found it to be a delusion. Of course he sought for arguments to fortify his skepticism, and thought he found them. As he had no religious principles to restrain him, he became thoroughly worldly-minded, and a lover of pleasure so far as his devotion to business would permit.

Mr. Nelson had recently completed his collegiate course, and was in doubt whether to enter one of the learned professions or to engage in business. An intimacy had sprung up between him and Mr. Lawton, and to this his presence in the country was owing. While in college he had acquired a smattering of philosophy hostile to Christianity, and the pride of differing from others, as though it implied superiority, led him onward in the paths of disbelief. He had not been without religious instruction in his early years. The prayers and hymns of a mother early lost to him, often came up in remembrance.

After tea the friends took their seats on the piazza. "I have been thinking," said Nelson, "of your remark, that every one should seek for happiness in his own way."

"You would not have him seek it in somebody else's way, would you? Men are differently constituted. If there were two men constituted exactly alike, they would find their happiness by pursuing the same course. But we are not constituted alike. Our circumstances, dispositions, desires, aspirations differ, and hence the means by which they can be gratified must differ."

There was silence. Nelson made no reply,

but buried his face in his hands as if occupied in profound thought. A gentleman who had been listening to the conversation remarked, "I have been waiting to hear what my young friend has to say. As he is silent, permit me to ask if you do not take it for granted that all the desires and aspirations of men are right? Is each one to find his happiness in the gratification of his desires if those desires are wrong?"

"Men are not to seek for happiness in doing wrong. Within the limits of innocent enjoyments, there is a wide range in which men may make selections corresponding to their tastes. Men were made to be happy; you do not deny that?"

"You state the truth when you say men were made to be happy; but you do not state the whole of the truth. Men were made to be happy in doing right. I think it is as clear that they were made to do right, as it is that they were made to be happy."

"I do not contend that we were made to do wrong, and I do not hold that every one must pursue exactly the same course in order to be happy."

"I do not know that any one holds that."

"All the religious do. They hold that every one must be converted, and join the Church, and go to meeting, and what not, however much they may neglect their business and their duty to their fellow-men."

"You will admit that every son of a worthy father should treat that father with respect and affection?"

"Of course."

"And you will admit that if by any means a son has come to entertain toward his father feelings that prevent him from treating him with respect and affection, he should get rid of those feelings?"

"Certainly."

"Now we claim that this is just what every man should do with respect to God. He should get rid of those feelings—of that state of soul that prevents him from reverencing God and rendering a cordial obedience to his will."

"If any man has such feelings he should banish them."

"The process of banishing them is the process of conversion, which is such a change in the condition of the mind as enables it to love and serve God—enables it to enter on a course of right doing."

"All men do not need your conversion in order to do right."

"If there are such men as you suppose, Christianity is not addressed to them. It is a religion for sinners, and for sinners only."

Christ says, I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance. It is a remedial system, and is addressed to those only who need the remedy."

Mr. Lawton made no reply. The discussion was not to his taste. He preferred criticism to argument, so far as religion was concerned. Nelson felt the force of every word that had been uttered. He felt that man was made to be happy by doing right. He felt that one could no more be happy by doing wrong, than the bird could be happy by exchanging the air for water as an element. He soon retired to his room. He sat down by an open window. The stars began to come out. Every thing was still around him. The silence spoke to his soul. It was as though a voice fell on the ear of his spirit, saying, "You are out of harmony with God's works. You are an alien and an outcast in God's world. This earth has no adequate portion for your soul. You ought to become a religious man. You need conversion, if no one else does." When the hour for retiring came he kneeled down, for the first time since he had professed to be a skeptic, and repeated the prayer that he had been taught in childhood.

The next morning Mr. Lawton was called by business to a neighboring township, and Nelson was left alone. He was well content to have it so. Thoughts and feelings with which Lawton could not sympathize were occupying his mind. He felt a disposition to visit the school-house. He took his fishing rod, and, under pretense of fishing, ascended the stream till he came to the place where it crossed the road near the school-house. He was not successful in fishing. He possessed great skill, but his heart was not in the work. Even fishing will not prosper if the heart is not in it. The school had closed for the day, and the door was shut. He lifted the latch and entered; locks were not needed in that region. The rude benches and mutilated desks were not pleasant objects of contemplation. On a small table in front of the teacher's chair, which could not claim much superiority over the benches aforementioned, stood a vase of beautiful flowers partly withered. He sat down in the teacher's chair, and leaned his head on the table, and endeavored to gather in his wandering thoughts, for though in a thoughtful mood, his thoughts were not fixed on any definite topic. While thus occupied the door opened. Raising his head, he saw Mr. Derby and Mrs. Wright. Of course they were surprised to see him.

"You are a stranger to me," said Mr. Derby, "but I hope you are not a stranger to my Master; if you wish to join us you are welcome."

"I was walking in this vicinity," said Nelson, "and finding the door unlocked, I entered without any definite purpose. I did not know that any persons were to meet here."

"We had a meeting here yesterday, and found it so pleasant that some of us agreed to come again to-day. The time is up; they do n't seem to be here."

"Miss Sanders and Jemima are coming," said Mrs. Wright, looking through the window.

Nelson rose, saying, "I must not intrude."

"No man," said Derby, "ever intrudes when he comes penitently and reverently into the presence of God."

Nelson, who rarely felt embarrassment, was greatly embarrassed. His embarrassment made him hesitate in leaving, till Miss Sanders and her attendant entered. Scarcely conscious of the action, he took his seat and bowed his head as if in prayer.

"There are more than enough of us to claim the promise," said Mr. Derby. Then taking from his pocket a well-worn Bible, he read from the Gospel of Matthew a few verses relating to prayer. He then named the hymn beginning,

"One there is above all others
Well deserves the name of friend."

"Let us pray," said Mr. Derby. All kneeled except Nelson. The prayer was familiar yet reverential, and increasingly so. Nelson could scarcely divest himself of the idea that there was in the room a bodily presence to whom the address was made.

When they had risen from the attitude of prayer there was a brief silence. "Is there a hymn that any one present would like to have sung?" said Derby.

"Please sing the hymn sung at the opening of the meeting yesterday," said Nelson. His request was complied with. Ere it was finished Nelson's skepticism was at an end. A state of mind built up by the study of philosophy, falsely so called, was terminated by a hymn sung by those whose experience it told.

When the last line had been sung, Derby said, "Will you pray with us?"

"You must excuse me. I am not a praying man."

"I am sorry," and the tones of his voice proved that he was.

"So am I."

"Become a praying man; begin to-day; begin now."

Nelson kneeled and repeated in a low tone the Lord's prayer, then rose and left the building.

"Let us spend a few moments in silent prayer for that young man," said Derby. They kneeled,

and in solemn silence poured out their hearts before Him with whom are the issues of life.

Nelson wandered in by-paths on his way to the village, and did not arrive till evening. Lawton was waiting for him on the piazza. "How are you?" said he. "You do not look well."

"I am as well as usual, I thank you."

"I see you have your rod: have you been fishing?"

"Yes."

"What success?"

"None."

"Unusual for you. But do n't let me keep you from your tea."

Nelson was glad of an excuse to leave his friend, even for a short time. He was afraid that he would discover the state of his mind. Nicodemus is not the only one who has desired to go to Jesus by night. When men desire to acquire property, they are not ashamed to have it known; when they desire knowledge, they are not ashamed to have it known; when they desire salvation, they oftentimes are ashamed to have it known. Is there not something strange in this? When Nelson rose the next morning he found that his friend had been called away for the day. This he did not regret, though the hours passed slowly and heavily.

When Mr. Lawton returned toward evening, he found Nelson in earnest conversation with Mr. Derby. The former blushed as Lawton joined them under the shade of a large hickory which stood near the house. Derby spoke to him courteously, but did not manifest the slightest embarrassment. Why should he? He was engaged in the noblest work in which a mortal can engage—that of attempting to lead a soul to God.

"Are you making a Christian of my friend?" said Lawton.

"I can't make a Christian of him any easier than I could create a world. If he ever becomes a Christian God must make him one."

"He is pretty safe then."

"I wish I could think so."

"I'll insure him at a very small premium."

Derby made no remark in reply. It was not his custom to engage in disputation respecting religion. When he met with men who stated captious objections, or who made religion the subject of ridicule, he always preserved an emphatic silence. He had come to the village to see him who had said, "I am not a praying man." He had said all he came to say when Lawton joined them. He took an affectionate leave of Nelson, and bade Lawton a courteous good evening, and departed.

"How did you fall in with him, or how did he fall in with you?" said Lawton, as soon as he was out of hearing.

"I saw him at the school-house yesterday."

"Yesterday! Did they have another meeting there yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Was Miss Sanders there?"

"Yes."

"Went there to see her; a work of supererogation—might have seen her by going to her boarding-house."

"I did not go to the school-house to see her. I had no expectation of meeting her there."

"A consequence of your going is a call from Derby?"

"Yes, and I am obliged to him for his kindness."

"Do you propose to take lessons in religion of him?"

"No, but I intend to give the subject thoughtful attention."

"What influence has brought you into this state of mind? Miss Sanders?"

"No, I must believe it is the influence of the Divine Spirit."

"I think we had better return to the city."

"I think we had."

"Let us start to-morrow morning."

"Very well. I must make the necessary preparation."

Lawton was greatly annoyed by the temper of mind indicated by Nelson's remarks. He regarded him as a young man of rare intellectual gifts, and hence was proud of the influence he had over him. But that influence seemed to have passed away. Something must be done to recover it. As he went to his chamber he meditated on the cause of Nelson's conduct. He has, thought he, "unbent his mind too much. He has thrown his mind open to influence which would have no power over him when his mind is in right tune. He must be roused to action. I will get him back to the city, and contrive to place him in a position that shall require intense mental exertion. That will take the nonsense out of him." When he met Nelson in the morning he made no allusion to the conversation of the preceding evening. On the way homeward his manner was pleasant and unconstrained. Without saying any thing that would jar upon the recent experience of his friend, he assumed that the mental condition of that friend was unchanged.

When they had resumed city life, he proceeded with great skill to carry out the plan indicated above. Oftentimes more skill and energy are employed for the destruction than

for the salvation of a soul. Suffice it to say, he was successful—not in bringing Nelson's mind back to a state of skepticism, but in enlisting all his energies of thought and feeling in the pursuit of objects incompatible with the pursuit of salvation. The impression made upon his mind by the incidents connected with the school-house were completely effaced.

Years rolled on. The dark locks of the young man became sprinkled with gray. Youth was receding in the distance. Anon the crest of life was turned. Wealth and honors were his. At times thoughts of the school-house, and the aspirations there awakened, and the purposes partially formed, flitted across his mind as the cloud shadows flit across the plain. His excessive mental efforts in the labors of his profession caused age to quicken his footsteps. Ere long it became necessary that he should lay aside all labor, and repair to a quiet watering-place. It was with great unwillingness that he submitted to what he termed his fate. One day, as he was passing out of the hotel, he stood aside to let a lady enter. She gracefully recognized his politeness, when he involuntarily exclaimed, as if speaking to himself, "Miss Sanders."

"That was once my name," said the lady. "Have I met a former acquaintance?"

"Not an acquaintance," said he. "I saw you once in a school-house at Melville."

"I recollect the meeting. You did not speak to me then, but I am happy to speak with you now."

They seated themselves in the parlor and continued their conversation.

"Where is Mr. Derby?"

"O, dear good man that he was, he has been in heaven more than a score of years."

"And Mrs. Wright and Aunt Jemima?"

"They are with him, I trust. But it is singular that you remember their names."

"I have a tolerably good memory. You have changed your name?"

"My husband, Mr. Washburn, has been dead many years. He was a missionary on the western frontiers, and the hardships and exposure which he was compelled to undergo brought a disease which took him from us."

"A great many years have passed since I saw you, and yet it seems but yesterday."

"You said you were not a praying man then. I trust you are now, and have been for many years."

"I am not."

"I must say, as Mr. Derby did thirty years ago, I am sorry."

"I am obliged to you. I suppose I was

nearer to the kingdom then than I shall ever be again."

Her eyes filled with tears. She arose and silently went to her chamber.

HOW TO BE ABLE.

"I REALLY am not able to do any thing in the matter. Calls of this nature are continual, and were men to respond to them all there would soon be no one above actual poverty."

"But this is a case of uncommon hardship, sir. Besides, the man is one of your own workmen. Should you not take some interest in him on this account?"

"I can not pretend to interfere in the case of all my men. That would soon swamp me. I have no doubt this is an uncommon case. They all are. I am sorry for the man, but must repeat, I can do nothing for him. A man can't do every thing. He must stop somewhere, and I have done all, and more than all, that I am able to do this year. In fact, I am hiring money now at ruinous percentage. My family expenses are large, and then I have a swarm of poor relations hanging about me. No use, sir, to say another word."

And this applicant, a tall, pale, elderly man, very thinly clad, was politely bowed from the rich broker's office into the biting air and driving sleet of a Winter's storm. He hurried, shivering and disheartened, along, having no overcoat to protect his enfeebled form, to carry to the sick lodger in his basement the unwelcome tidings of his rebuff; while the broker, arranging his handsome and robust figure in warm cloak and furs, muttered to himself of the "everlasting annoyance" that he was subject to.

"It is a perpetual fight for a man to keep his own," he said. "Here have I worked hard for all my property, and 't is actually more than I can do to keep enough money on hand to meet my expenses. 'T is give, give, give; do, do, do, from June till January, and from January till June. I'm sick of it. I am not able to keep this up; and to do more than he is able to is no man's duty."

With this he finished fitting smoothly over his white hands and great seal ring a pair of nice leather gloves, lined with wool, and edged with costly fur; and, taking his gold-headed cane, he started for the street, having been told by one of his clerks that his carriage awaited him. You see, reader, this man spoke of "duty." He was a professed follower of the One whose home was in the street, and whose chamber

was a mountain ; One who went about doing good, and who gave his life a ransom for many. Thus he did think and speak of his duty, and he thought he meant to do it.

About the time the elderly man, without any overcoat, reached his forlorn dwelling, this disciple sprang up the marble steps of a palace on — avenue, and just as a poor, sick-looking woman, in a faded calico gown, greeted the wet and cold pedestrian with the news that the fire had gone out, and there was nothing left in the house with which to rekindle it, a lady clad in soft raiment, flashing with jewels, and radiant with smiles, glided down the broad stair-way, and through the furnace-heated hall with a merry welcome to the gentleman of the carriage. Ah, poor broker ! no wonder you can not afford ten dollars to a sick and suffering man. Behold these parlors ! Hundreds of dollars went for the hangings of each window ; hundreds more for these mirrors ; thousands for the furniture, pictures, and ornaments. What are the jewels that flash so on these ladies, your wife and daughters ? Diamonds ! as sure as death—more than twenty diamonds. And they are "only dressed for home." Well, very well. Home should have the brightest things in the house. And here is a French doll for the pet of the household, little Blanche, an adopted daughter. It was right to adopt the pretty creature ; but is it right to bewilder and overload her with all manner of luxuries ? That doll's outfit, Saratoga trunk and all, she would never have thought of desiring, and the price of it would have made poor Mr. and Mrs. Mason, and their suffering lodger, comfortable for the whole Winter.

"How is Chunder Sea ?" asks the broker.

"I do n't know, pa," answers his wife. "I do not keep account of the horses. You must ask Chestnut."

Madam strikes the table gong.

"Send Chestnut here," orders the broker, as a waiting-maid appears.

Chestnut, the coachman, comes and makes his report, whereby it appears that this poor broker, who has to hire money and can not afford to keep on helping people so much as he has done, keeps six blooded horses, and three or four carriages in his stables at the back of his park. And if we look the whole length of the parlors we shall see that glass doors open into a large conservatory, where is a beautiful fountain in which are gold fish and water plants growing, and shells and mosses, and where are hundreds of magnificent plants, and orange-trees hanging full of yellow fruit.

A man who seems at home among these

things is moving about there, and by their talk, when Chestnut presently joins him, we find that he is the gardener of this poor broker, and that there is a greenhouse on the place, where are thousands of rare trees, and plants, and vines. O, the poor broker ! There he sits in brilliant dressing-gown before the open fire, almost buried in the luxuriant easy chair that his daughters drew for him to its accustomed place. He has had his supper—dinner, it is—and was ever any other poor money-hirer's face so placid ?

Would it change any in its expression could he hear the groan with which the sick man received word of the failure of his kind landlord's effort in his behalf ?

It would change, O, fearfully ! could he hear what awaits him if he takes counsel of selfishness and self-indulgence too far and too long, as there are many signs that he has already done. For if he was one of the true followers of the Master would he not better know how to be able to do good as he has "opportunity?" Of course a man can not be able to help others when he spends all he can get on himself and his family. The way to be able to do good, to carry ever an open, kindly hand, is to "mind not high things, but condescend to them of low estate"—is to "deny self" and live far within one's means. Doing this there will be no need of hiring money at ruinous rates, and there will always be something to give to him that has need ; and there will then be no danger of hearing at the last, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these my disciples, ye did it not unto me," and, "In thy life-time thou hadst thy good things." If people would faithfully lay aside even one-tenth of all their increase for the Lord and his poor, they would generally have something to do for the needy with, whether they had any thing for themselves or not.

"You must be rich," said a villager to a stranger in the place, "you are always giving away to the poor, and you could n't if you were not rich." The speaker was worth her thousands—the one she addressed owned just one hundred dollars in the world ; but while the first held tight all her money and felt poor, the second always set off a tenth part of every dollar she earned for the Lord ; that is, for the poor. Thus it happened, not unfrequently, that she was ready to give, when those ten times richer were not, and when she had not a cent left of her part of her earnings.

Whether it is right for any man to live in the style kept up by the broker we can not decide ; but it certainly is not right if the doing so

makes him unable or unwilling to give as freely and as constantly as he receives. Remember, O, broker, that the only charge brought against "the rich man" who died was this, "In thy lifetime thou hadst thy good things," and consider if there is not any danger that the same may be said to thee, with the addition, "And now Lazarus is comforted and thou art tormented."

PRAISE.

GOD is good, and he is to be praised for his goodness. His own infinite perfections render him worthy of all adoration and praise. When we consider his supreme excellence and glory, and remember the relations we sustain to him as his creatures, we must see the propriety of praising his great name, and rendering to him our grateful acknowledgments. The inhabitants of heaven bow before him with humble reverence, and sing with grateful hearts his praise. We, as his creatures, should praise him for his excellencies, the infinite glory and loveliness of his character. God is love, and why should he not be loved? And if loved, why not praised? We are ungrateful creatures, unmindful of our Maker, forgetful of the Being who created, and who governs the world.

For what he is in himself, God is to be loved and praised, and also for what he has done—for his wonderful works to the children of men. His works of creation—how expressively they speak of him! Not a star that twinkles in the diadem of night, not a flower that casts its fragrance on the breeze, not an insect that floats in the air, not a blade of grass that springs up in the field, but that utters a voice for God, and speaks of his perfections. How numerous and how diversified are his works! What wisdom is displayed in them all! And what power! What goodness, too, is here manifested! And what love! How wonderfully is the external creation adapted to the wants and the enjoyments of animate existence! Even in the brute creation there are displays of the Divine perfections which, if rightly considered, must forever silence the cavils of skepticism. And if we look at ourselves, how fearfully and wonderfully are we made! How admirably are all the parts adjusted, so as to promote their own support and perfection, and administer to our comfort and enjoyment! And this immortal spirit with which we are endowed, who can comprehend its union with the body; who can conceive how it exists when separated from it; who estimate its capacities of suffering and of happiness? And is it God who has thus made us,

and thus displayed his wisdom, goodness, and power? "O, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

For his wonderful works, not only in creation, but also in providence. There are wonders in providence as well as in creation; wonders, not alone in the fiery eruptions of the volcano, nor the desolating terrors of the earthquake; not in the fearful pestilence, nor the raging storm and tempest; not in those awful calamities which depopulate cities and blot out nations, nor in any extraordinary occurrences merely, be they propitious or adverse; but in those everyday events which pass unheeded and unnoticed, and are forgotten. If the creation of the world is a wonder, its preservation is no less a wonder. If we are fearfully and wonderfully made, so are we wonderfully preserved. The hand of God is in the smallest event as well as the greatest. These little events are essential to our comfort and happiness. Indeed, little comforts make up the aggregate of our enjoyment, the sum total of human happiness. "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." Our happiness depends mainly on little things, on well-adjusted trifles; and because these little things come so along in course, and pass so smoothly, we notice them not. We trace them not to the hand of God, although their nice arrangement and their very smoothness are full of wonder, and speak most impressively of the Divine hand.

Did we rightly consider it, we should see more of God in the ordinary events of each passing hour than in those rare occurrences which startle and terrify the world. There is more to be admired in the calm serenity of a cloudless day than in the raging elements of the furious storm, as it shows us the admirable adjustment of the wheels of the universe, and the ease with which God controls and governs his works. The one may impress us with his power, the other shows his goodness, his tenderness, his constant and paternal care. So the wonders of his providence lie, not in great but in little things—those which make us happy without exciting our attention, those which speak not in thunder tones, but in a still small voice, of God's goodness and love. What though there be no great deliverance to call forth our thankfulness, the stream of comforts on which our happiness depends has been flowing constantly onward, with its full and clear tide, and this should constrain us to "give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good;" and to "praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men."



THE GIFT OF A MOTHER'S LOVE.

GIVE me that grand old volume, the gift of a mother's love,
Though the spirit that first taught me has winged its flight above;
Yet with no legacy but this she has left me wealth untold,
Yea, mightier than earth's riches, or the worth of Ophir's gold.

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When a child I've kneeled beside her, in our dear old cottage home,
And have listened to her reading from that prized and cherished tome,
As with low and gentle cadence, and a meek and reverend mien,
God's word came from her trembling lips, like a presence felt and seen.

Ah! not in life's weary battle, or the triumphs of
to-day,
Has that form e'er vanished from my sight, or its
precepts fled away.
But when worn with toil and trouble, I can feel new
strength arise,
As I ponder its wond'rous depth of lore, and its
teachings sweet and wise.

I can hear still the plaintive music that fell on my
childish ears,
And feel, O! how deep and keenly, the sins of my
after years;
From my eyes the scales have fallen, and the retro-
spect to me
Is that of a soul at random tossed on the surf of
misery.

Solemn and sweet the counsels that spring from its
open page,
Written with all the fervor and the zeal of the prophet
age;
Full of the inspiration of the holy bards that trod,
Caring not for the scoffer's scorn, if they gained a
soul to God;

Men who in mind were godlike, and have left on its
blazoned scroll
Food for all coming ages, in its manna of the soul;
Who through long days of anguish, and nights devoid
of ease,
Still wrote with the burning pen of Faith its heavenly
mysteries,

I can list the good man yonder, in the gray church
by the brook,
Take up that marvelous tale of love, of the story
and the Book;
How through the twilight glimmer, from the earliest
dawn of time,
It was handed down as an heir-loom, in almost every
clime;

How through strong persecution, and the struggle
of evil days,
The precious light of its truth ne'er died, but was
fanned to a beacon blaze;
How in far-off lands, where the cypress bends over
the laurel's bough,
It was hid like some costly treasure, and they bled
for its truth, as now.

He tells how there stood around it a phalanx none
could break,
Though steel, and fire, and lash swept on, and the
cruel waves lapped the stake;
How dungeon doors and prison bars had never
damped the flame,
But raised up converts to the creed whence Christian
comfort came;

That housed in caves and caverns—how it stirs our
Scottish blood!—
The Covenanters, sword in hand, poured out the
crimson flood;
And eloquent grows the preacher as the Sabbath
sunshine falls

Through cobwebbed aisle and checkered pane, a
halo on the walls;

That still mid sore disasters, in the heat and strife
of doubt,
Some bear the Gospel oriflamme, and one by one
march out,
Till forth from heathen kingdoms, and isles beyond
the sea,

The glorious tidings of the boon spreads Christ's
salvation free.

So I cling to my mother's Bible, in its torn and
tattered boards,
As one of the greatest gems of art, and the king of
all other hoards,
As in life the true consoler, and in death—ere the
judgment's call—

The guide that will lead to the silent shore, where
the Father waits for all.

SUNRISE.

WITH silent tread the golden sun,
In crimson mantle dressed,
Steps o'er the purple hills,
Their mist-enshrouded crest.

The shinings of his joyous face,
Like angels winged and bright,
Gleam on the newly wakened earth,
And say, "Let there be light."

The flowers look up with dewy eyes,
Lit with his sudden glow,
As if to shine instead of stars,
That vanished soft and slow.

The birds arouse the sleeping trees,
With anthems clear and sweet,
While Nature ev'ry-where doth seem
To worship at His feet.

And thus within our human lives,
O'er hills of grief and fear,
The gleamings of a brighter sun
Come forth to bless and cheer.

And blossoms fair of hope and faith,
With birds of joy that sing,
Awake to fresh and fervent life
To greet the glorious King—

The King of Light, the Sun whose rays
Are sunrise to the heart;
For at His step the mists of woe,
The glooms of sin depart.

And in the night times that must come,
So long as earth shall be,
Like children fearful in the dark,
We pine, O Sun, for thee.

And though our lips be mute for dread,
Our earnest longings pray,
"Rise on our souls, Immortal Sun,
Till night give place to day."

THE BRAHMANS,
AND THE INSTITUTION OF CASTE.

NIN the papers preceding this we have frequently mentioned caste and the Brahman as the chief causes of that peculiar degradation to which woman especially is doomed in India. But the subject is one that needs more than incidental treatment. It deserves a separate examination, so as to unfold its true origin and character, and enable us to appreciate the power, tenacity, and virulence of a system whose destruction and overthrow will be one of the most glorious victories ever won for woman and for Christ in any land or in any age. Our previous articles in this magazine sufficiently evidence this assertion.

Brahmanism seems to be, so far as woman is concerned, the concentration of all the wrongs under which the sex has complained and against which she has, with less or more of demonstration, protested. Her deliverance from this bondage of corruption would be nothing less than "life from the dead" for all of her sex on the Oriental hemisphere. No grave, in which to bury all that a cultured woman's heart holds dear, was ever so deep as the one which was dug for her by the Brahmans of India. Should she burst its bonds the world around must feel the mighty resurrection power which she will then obey, when, at length, she hears the voice of Him who calls to her: "Awake thou that sleepest, arise from the dead, and Christ will give thee life!"

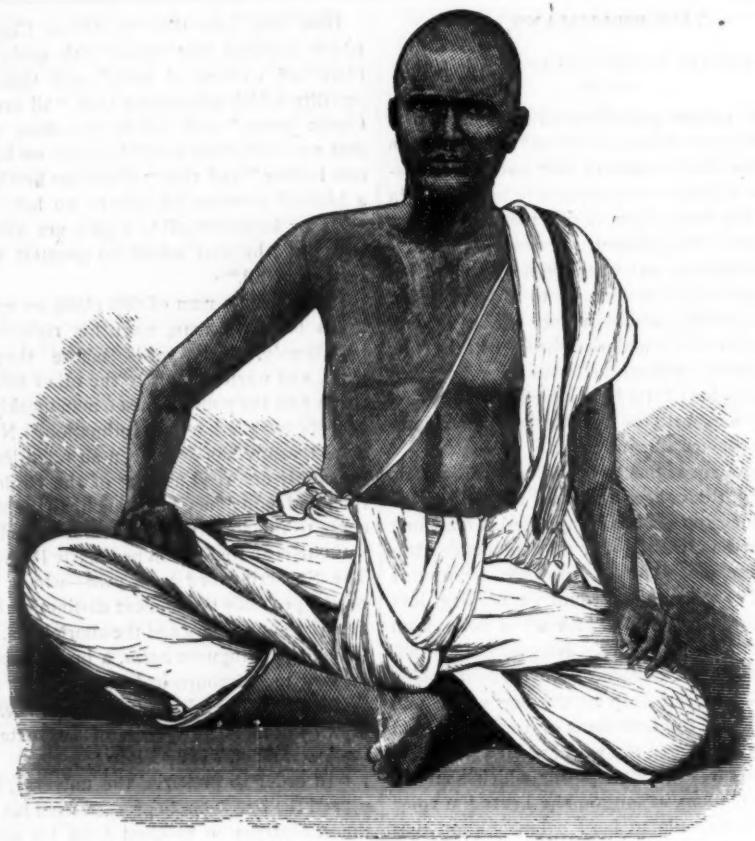
The man here presented holds himself to be a member of the most ancient aristocracy on the earth. His dignity is one entirely independent of landed possessions, wealth, or manorial halls. Indeed, these have nothing to do with it whatever. The man may have literally no home, and not be worth \$5 all told; he may have to solicit his next meal of food from those who respect his order. But he is a *Brahman*, and is prouder of that simple string over his shoulder and across his naked breast than any English earl is of his coronet. These men laugh at such a mushroom aristocracy as that of Britain or France, created merely by the breath of a human sovereign, whose word raises the plebeian to the noble order—for the Brahman holds that his nobility is not an accident, but is in the highest sense "by the grace of God." It is in his nature, in his blood, by the original intention and act of his Creator. He was made and designed by God to be different from, and higher than, all other men, and that from the first to the last hour of time.

How they hate that republican Christianity which declares that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men," and that Gospel equality which announces that "all are one in Christ Jesus," and which, therefore, requires that we "honor all men," because we have "all one Father," and that "all we are brethren" in a blessed communion, where no lofty pretensions or imprescriptible rights are allowed to any, but "he that would be greatest must be servant of all."

I have seen a man of this class, on approaching a low-caste man, wave his right-hand superciliously, thirty yards before they could meet, and warn him off to the other side of the road; and the poor, despised man meekly bowed and obeyed the haughty intimation. No sacerdotal tyranny has ever been so relentlessly and scornfully enforced as that of the Brahmanical rule, and none has been such an unmitigated curse to the society where it was exercised.

Caste is an institution peculiarly Brahmanical. The Sanscrit word is *Varna*—which denotes color—probably the ancient distinction between the Hindoo invaders and the aborigines. Caste, from the Portuguese *casta*, a breed, exactly expresses the Brahmanical idea. Their account of its origin, abridged from the *Institutes of Manu*—the oldest system of law extant save the Pentateuch—is as follows:

"In order to preserve the universe, Brahma caused the *Brahman* to proceed from his mouth; the *Kshatriya* to proceed from his arm; the *Vaisya* to proceed from his thigh; and the *Sudra* to proceed from his foot. And Brahma directed that the duties of the Brahmans should be reading and teaching the *Veda*; sacrificing and assisting others to sacrifice; giving alms if they be rich, and receiving alms if they be poor. And Brahma directed that the duties of the *Kshatriyas* should be to defend the people, to give alms, to sacrifice, to read the *Veda*, and to keep their passions under control. And he directed that the duties of the *Vaisyas* should be to keep herds of cattle, to give alms, to read the *Shastras*, to carry on trade, to lend money at interest, and to cultivate land. And he directed that the *Sudra* should serve all the three mentioned castes, namely, the Brahmans, the *Kshatriyas*, and the *Vaisyas*; and that he should not deprecate them nor make light of them. Since the *Brahman* sprang from the mouth, which is the most excellent part of Brahma, and since he is the first-born and possesses the *Veda*, he is by right the chief of the whole creation. Him Brahma produced from his own mouth, that he might perform holy rites; that he might present ghee to the gods,



A BRAHMAN IN ORDINARY ATTIRE.

and cakes of rice to the Pitris or progenitors of mankind." (Code of Hindoo Law, I, pp. 88-94.)

The *Bhagvat Geeta*, their most sublime treatise, repeats the same arrangements, and makes their observance a condition of salvation and moral perfection. Each class had thus a special creation, constituting it, in fact, a distinct *species*—involving a denial of the doctrine that "God hath made of one blood all men." The Hindoos thus reject one common humanity, and hold it to be heresy to believe that all men are fellow-creatures, scouting the idea that we should "love our neighbors as ourselves."

Brahman is a derivation from *Brahm* the Deity, and signifies a theologian or divine. The caste is analogous to the tribe of Levi under the Mosaic economy, but without the family of Aaron. All the benefits of the Hindoo religion belong to this class, and the code secured to them rights, honors, and immunities that no other order could claim, so that their persons were to be considered sacred and inviolate, and

they could not be held answerable to the penalties of the law even for the worst of crimes. The intention of the legislator was that from this learned class alone the nation was to take its astronomers, lawyers, prime ministers, judges, philosophers, as well as priests. They were to hold the highest offices and to be supreme.

In his eighth year the Brahman is invested with that sacred string of three cotton strands, and the ceremony is called regeneration, and gives the Brahman his claim to the title of the "twice-born." For him, and for him alone, has the lawgiver laid down in detail the duties of life, even to his devotions. Each morning he may be seen, by the banks of the Ganges, or any other "holy" stream, fulfilling those long and tedious rites which are prescribed for his observance, and from which he can not deviate in any respect. Of all ritualists he is the most exact and careful. A mistake in word or gesture may nullify the devotional observances of the whole morning. It is really surprising to see how lost and abstracted they are in their

exercises, and with what regularity they fulfill them wherever they may be.

But they do n't look satisfied in them nor happy when they are finished. It is manifestly a task to be fulfilled, and one in which the mind is chiefly anxious as to the duty of not forgetting any word or posture which has been prescribed for them.

Any thing more singular and whimsical than the forms prescribed for him was never enjoined upon humanity as religious ritual. In illustration of this, from a paper in the "Asiatic Researches" by Mr. Colebrook, as quoted by Dr. Duff, we ask the reader's attention to the following extract. Speaking of the duties of morning worship, one of which is religious absolution, as here represented, "the Sacred Books" strictly enjoin as follows :

"He may bathe with water drawn from a well, from a fountain, or from the basin of a cataract, but he should prefer water which lies above ground—choosing a stream rather than stagnant water; a river in preference to a small brook; a holy stream before a vulgar river; and, above all, the water of the Ganges. And, if the Ganges be beyond his reach, he should invoke that holy river, saying, 'O, Gunga, hear my prayers; for my sake be included in this small quantity of water with the other sacred streams.' Then, standing in the river, or in other water, he must hallow his intended performance by the *inaudible* recitation of certain sacred texts. Next sipping water, and sprinkling some before him, the worshiper throws water eight times on the crown of his head, on the earth, toward the sky; again toward the sky, on the earth, on the crown of his head; and, lastly, on the ground, to destroy the demons who wage war with the gods. During the performance of this sacred act of ablution, he must be reciting these prayers: 'O, waters! since ye afford delight, grant us present happiness, and the rapturous sight of the Supreme Being. Like tender mothers, make us here partakers of your most auspicious essence. We become contented with your essence with which ye satisfy the universe. Waters! grant it to us.'

"Immediately after this first ablution, he should sip water without swallowing it, silently praying in these words, 'Lord of sacrifice! thy heart is in the midst of the waters of the ocean. May salutary herbs and waters pervade thee! With sacrificial hymns and humble salutations we invite thy presence. May this ablution be efficacious!' These ceremonies and prayers being concluded, he plunges thrice into the water, each time repeating the prescribed expiatory texts.

"He then meditates with intense thought and in the deepest silence. During this moment of intense devotion he is striving to realize that 'Brahma, with four faces and a red complexion, resides in his bosom; Vishnu, with four arms and a black complexion, in his heart; and Siva, with five faces and a white complexion, in his forehead.' To this sublime meditation succeeds a suppression of the breath, which is thus performed: closing the left nostril with the two longest fingers of his right-hand, he draws his breath through the right nostril; and then closing that nostril likewise with his thumb, he holds his breath, while he internally repeats to himself the Gayatri, the mysterious names of the three worlds, the triliteral monosyllable, and the sacred text of Brahma; last of all, he raises both fingers off the left nostril, and emits the breath he had suppressed through the right. This process being repeated three several times, he must next make three ablutions, with the following prayer: 'As the tired man leaves drops of sweat at the foot of a tree; as he who bathes is cleansed from all foulness; as an oblation is sanctified by holy grass, so may this water purify me from sin.' To this succeed other ablutions, with various expiatory texts. He must next fill the palm of his hand with water, and presenting it to his nose, inhale the fluid by one nostril, and, retaining it for a while, exhale it through the other, and throw away the water to the north-east quarter. This is considered as an internal ablution which washes away sin. He then concludes by sipping water with the following prayer; 'Water! thou dost penetrate all beings; thou dost reach the deep recesses of the mountains; thou art the mouth of the universe; thou art sacrifice; thou art the mystic word *vasha*; thou art the light, taste, and the immortal fluid.'

After a variety of genuflections and prayers, of which these are but a mere sample, he concludes his devotions by worshiping the rising sun. The veneration in which the Brahman is to be held by all classes, the privileges which he is to enjoy, his occupation and modes of life, and his immunities, are laid down with wonderful minuteness in this code of Hindoo law. A mere sample of his assumptions, under the head of veneration, will suffice: "The Brahman is entitled to the whole of the universe by the right of primogeniture. He possesses the Veda, and is alone permitted to teach the laws. By his sacrifices and imprecations he could destroy a Rajah in a moment, together with all his troops, elephants, horses, and chariots. In his wrath he could frame new worlds, with new gods and new mortals. A man who barely

assaulted a Brahman with the intention of hurting him, would be whirled about for a century in the hell termed Tamasa. He who smote a Brahman with only a blade of grass, would be born an inferior quadruped during twenty-one transmigrations. But he who should shed the blood of a Brahman, save in battle, would be mangled by animals in his next birth for as many years as there were particles of dust rolled up by the blood shed. If a Sudra—a low-caste man—sat upon the same seat with a Brahman, he was to be gashed in the part offending." (Institutes of Manu, I, p. 94, etc.)

Thus a body of men, supposed to number not more than a few hundred thousand, have held the two hundred millions of their fellow-countrymen for thirty centuries in the terrors of this sacerdotal legislation, enforcing its claims to the last limit of endurance, though at the fearful price of the utter ignorance, degradation, and slavery of their nation. The reader can well appreciate the indignant feelings with which this greedy, proud, and supercilious order of men contemplate the incoming of a constitutional government which would make all men equal before the law, and the advent of a religion whose great glory it is to vindicate the oppressed, and preach the Gospel to the poor.

The Kshatriya caste (derived from *kshetra*, land), and the Vaisyas (traders), had the privilege of the investiture with the sacred string; but to the Sudras there was to be no sacrifice and no Scriptures. They were condemned by this law to perpetual servitude. Yet this class were necessarily, with the outcasts, the great majority of the nation, and those who might have been their instructors and guides heartlessly took away the key of knowledge, made it a crime to "teach them how sin might be expiated," and deliberately damned them for time and eternity. The Vedas state that the benefits of the Hindoo religion are open only to three of the four castes. The fourth caste could have no share in religion, and could hold no property. He was, in its most terrible form, a bondman, condemned to unending servitude in this life, and debarred from any hope of improvement in the life to come. No system of human slavery ever equaled this, for it was intense, unalterable, and unending by the act of God himself.

The distinctions of society, by the ordinances of the Hindoo lawgiver, were thus indicated:

Brahmans, or Priests;
Kshatriyas, or Soldiers and Rajahs;
Vaisyas, or Merchants and Farmers;
Sudras, the servile class.

The arrangements indicate a pastoral condition of society, far removed from the stirring

scenes of the life of the nineteenth century. They made no preparation for the wide wants of men, or intercommunication of other nations, or the development of our race. They had no provision for manufacturing, mining, or commercial life, but expected the world to move on forever in their limited conservative methods. These four castes were subdivided, according to the theory, into sixty-four, and in the grooves thus opened the divisions of labor were expected to run, so that even trade should become hereditary; and thus whatever the genius or ability developed in any man, he was expected to be content and remain in the profession of his father. He might have the germ and stirrings of a mind like Newton's, but according to those cast-iron rules of social life, if his father made shoes, he too must stick to the last.

No man of one caste can eat, smoke, marry, or touch the cooking vessels of one of another caste. The prohibition is fearfully strict and guarded with sanctions, and it is as destitute of humanity as it is singular, so that were a stranger of their own nation to come into one of their cities and be taken suddenly ill, so as to be unable to speak and explain of what caste he was, he would certainly be liable to perish, for the high-caste people would be afraid to touch him lest they should break their caste, and those of the low caste would be unwilling lest their contact—on the supposition of his superior order—might irrevocably contaminate him. In their hands the man would perish unaided.

This unique masterpiece of Brahmanism was intended, by its framers, to be a wall of brass around their system, and to secure it unalterable permanency. But its own heartless selfishness and cruel tendencies had so far overcome its work, that it was found practically impossible to sustain the integrity of the arrangements. Innovations crept in and conflicts ensued, and despite the desperate efforts of the Brahmans, confusion has marred Manu's strange designs, while the introduction of Western civilization, the teachings of Christianity, and the light of true knowledge have delivered such telling blows that the venerable and hideous monstrosity is tottering to its final fall.

Four stages of life are marked out by Manu for the Brahman. The first is the *Bramachari*, or studentship of the Veda; 2, the *Grihastha*, or married state; 3, the *Vanaprastha*, or hermit life; and 4, the *Sannyasi*, or devotee condition.

The Bramachari stage begins with the investiture of the sacred thread, which act signifies a second birth. That thread is the sign which distinguishes the twice-born man of the first

three castes from the Sudra, to whom no thread is ever allowed. The investiture takes place in his eighth year in the case of a Brahman, the eleventh year for a Kshatriya, and the twelfth for the Vaisya. The investiture introduces the twice-born Brahman boy to a religious life, and sanctifies him for the study of the *Veda*.

The thread of the Brahman is made of cotton formed of three strings; that of the Kshatriya is formed of hemp, and that of the Vaisya is of wool. It is termed the "sacrificial cord," because it entitles the wearer to the privilege of sacrifice and religious services. Certain ceremonies are observed for girls as well as boys, but neither girls nor women are invested with the sacred thread nor the utterance of the sacred mantras. They have consequently no right to sacrifice. Indeed, the nuptial ceremony is considered to be for woman equivalent to the investiture of the thread, and is the commencement of the religious life of the female. (*Manu*, II, 66, 67.) So that a lady remaining unmarried has nothing equivalent to their "second birth" here, and can look forward to no certainty of a happy life hereafter. The poor Sudra is entirely excluded. The servile man and the woman of any caste are equally left outside the pale of Brahmanical salvation, exactly to that condition to which High Church Puseyism consigns all "Dissenters" when it hands them over to "the uncovenanted mercies of God." How truly heathenish is the legitimate outgrowth of all Ritualism and Romanism!

In addition to the cold-hearted exclusion of woman and the lower caste, this terrible code proceeds to sink still lower vast multitudes of our fellow-creatures. The "outcasts" are numbered by the million. Some of these are called "Chandalas," and concerning them this law-giver ordains: "Chandalas must dwell without the town. Their sole wealth must be dogs and asses; their clothes must consist of the mantles of deceased persons; their dishes must be broken pots; and their ornaments must consist of rusty iron. No one who regards his duties must hold any intercourse with them, and they must marry only among themselves. By day they may roam about for the purposes of work, and be distinguished by the badges of the Rajah, and they must carry out the corpse of any one who dies without kindred. They should always be employed to slay those who are sentenced by the laws to be put to death; and they may take the clothes of the slain, their beds, and their ornaments." (*Code*, X, 51-58).

Can the Western reader wonder that, tame and subdued though the Asiatic may be, these aristocratic rules proved too much for human

nature, or that the introduction of English rule and fair play—making these long-crushed millions equal before her law with these proud Brahmans—was an immense mercy to one-fifth of the human family?

As a sample of how this sacerdotal law, framed for his special glorification, discriminated in favor of the Brahman, it may suffice to quote a sentence or two. On the question of his privileges, when called to testify in a court of justice, he must be assumed to be "the very soul of honor," and his mere word, without exposure to penalty, was to be held sufficient. The code decrees that "a Brahman was to swear by his veracity; a Kshatriya, by his weapons, horse, or elephant; and a Vaisya, by his kine, grain, or gold; but a Sudra was to imprecate upon his own head the guilt of every possible crime if he did not speak the truth." (VIII, S. 113.)

"To a Brahman the judge should say, 'Declare!' To a Kshatriya he should say, 'Declare the truth.' To the Vaisya he should compare perjury to the crime of stealing kine, grain, or gold. To the Sudra he should compare perjury to every crime, in the following language: 'Whatever places of torture have been prepared for the murderer of a Brahman, for the murderer of a woman or child, for the injurer of a friend, or for an ungrateful man, have also been ordained for that witness who gives false evidence. If you deviate from the truth, the fruit of every virtuous act which you have committed since your birth will depart from you to the dogs. The man who gives false evidence shall go naked, shorn, and blind, and be tormented with hunger and thirst, and beg food with a potsherd at the door of his enemy. If he answer one question falsely, he shall tumble headlong into hell in utter darkness. Even if he gives imperfect testimony, and asserts a fact which he has not seen, he will suffer pain like a man who eats fish and swallows the sharp bones.'" (*Manu*, VIII, 79-95.)

The scale of punishments in his case, when he was at all amenable to the law, could only touch his property, never, under any consideration, his person; was equally drawn in his favor, and was all the lighter in proportion to the lower caste whom he injured, and it was equally to be increased in severity—for the same crime in both cases—in proportion to the same distinction. Says the law: "A Kshatriya who slandered a Brahman was to be fined a hundred panas; for the same crime a Vaisya was to be fined a hundred and fifty or two hundred panas, but a Sudra was to be whipped. On the other hand, if a Brahman slandered a Kshatriya, he

was to be fined fifty panas; if he slandered a Vaisya, he was to be fined twenty-five panas; but if he slandered a Sudra, he was only to be fined twelve panas. If, however, a Sudra insulted any man of the twice-born castes with gross invectives, he was to have his tongue slit; if he mentioned the name and caste of the individual with contumely, an iron style ten fingers long was to be made red-hot and thrust into his mouth; and if through pride he dared to instruct a Brahman respecting his duty, the Rajah was to order that hot oil should be poured into his mouth and ear." (Manu, VIII, 266-276.)

The "pana" was then equal nearly to our cent. So his privilege of slandering a Sudra could at any time be exercised with impunity for a dime; while if it was so done unto him, the law took good care that the plebeian wretch should never repeat the offense, for his tongue was to be slit. How truly might the Almighty, whose name they blasphemously invoke for this outrageous legislation, say of them, "Are not your ways unequal?"

Even in salutations the code ordained the forms and gave them a religious significance. "A Brahman was to be asked, whether his devotion had prospered; a Kshatriya, whether he had suffered from his wounds; a Vaisya, whether his wealth was secure; and a Sudra, whether he was in good health." (Manu, I, 27.) The food, the privileges, the duties of this pampered monopolist are all minutely laid down in the code, but they are too diffuse and too childish to place before the reader, and would not be worth the space occupied. In proof of this I quote one sentence from the fourth chapter, merely remarking that the whimsical injunctions are left without any rhyme or reason. They are as unaccountable as they are singular. "He [the Brahman] must not gaze on the sun, whether rising or setting, or eclipsed, or reflected in water. He must not run while it rains. He must not look on his own image in water. When he sees the bow of Indra in the sky, he must not show it to any man. He must not step over a string to which a calf is tied, and he must not interrupt a cow when she is drinking; and he must not wash his feet in a pan of mixed metal."

In these stages of its development and claims it is nothing less than a system of supreme selfishness, and was worthy of the express teaching with which the Brahman was instructed in an emergency to sacrifice every thing to his own precious self in the following rule: "Against misfortune, let him preserve his wealth; at the expense of his wealth, let him preserve his wife; but let him, at all events, preserve

himself, even at the hazard of his wife and riches."

How little can such a religion or such a law know of disinterested affection, or of that devotion which would risk every thing for the safety and happiness of its beloved object!

His student life ended, the Brahman commences his married existence, under forms and rules which will be referred to when we come to speak of the condition of woman under Hindoo law. In this second stage of his life he is required to have "his hair and beard properly trimmed, his passions subdued, and his mantle white; he is to carry a staff of *Venu*, a ewer with water in it, a handful of *kusa* grass, or a copy of the Vedas, with a pair of bright golden rings in his ears"—reading to give instruction in the sacred books, or political counsel, and to administer justice.

Then in order would come the third and fourth stages of his life, the rules of which are so unique and so little like what ordinary humanity would impose upon itself, that we must quote them for the information of the reader. These two stages express the very essence of Brahmanism. In the hermit stage the theory is a course of life that will mortify the passions and extinguish desire, and, this being accomplished, the last order, or devotee stage, is religious contemplation with the view to final beatitude.

Manu says: "When the twice-born man has remained in the order of Grihastha, or householder, until his muscles become flaccid, and his hair gray, and he sees a child of his child, let him abandon his household, and repair to the forest, and dwell there in the order of Vanaprastha, or hermit. He should be accompanied by his wife, if she choose to attend him, but otherwise he should commit her to the care of his sons. He should take with him the consecrated fire, and all the domestic implements for making oblations to the fire, and there dwell in the forest, with perfect control over all his organs; and here, day by day, he should perform the five sacraments, with many sorts of pure food, such as holy sages used to eat, with green herbs, roots, and fruit. He should wear a black antelope's hide, or a vesture of bark, and bathe morning and evening; and he should suffer his nails, and the hair of his head and beard to grow continually. He should make offerings from such food as he himself may eat, and give alms to the utmost of his power; and he should honor all those who visit his hermitage with presents of water, roots, and fruit. He should be constantly engaged in reading the Veda; he should be patient in all extremities; he should be universally benevolent, and enter-

tain a tender affection for all living creatures ; his mind should be ever intent upon the Supreme Being ; and he should be a perpetual giver of gifts, and not a receiver. He should slide forward and backward on the ground ; or stand a whole day on tiptoe ; or continue in motion by rising and sitting alternately ; but every day at sunrise, at noon, and at sunset, he should go to the waters and bathe. In the hot season he should sit exposed to five fires ; namely, four blazing around him, while the sun is burning above him ; in the rainy season he should stand uncovered, without even a mantle, while the clouds pour down their heaviest showers ; in the cold season he should wear damp vesture. He should increase the austerity of his devotion by degrees, until by enduring harsher and harsher mortifications he has dried up his bodily frame." (Code, VI, 22-32. Vishnu Purana, III, 9.)

As regards the life to be pursued by a Sannyasi, Manu lays down the following direction :

"When a Brahman has thus lived in the forest during the third portion of his life, as a Vanaprastha, he should, for the fourth portion of it, become a Sannyasi, and abandon all sensual affections, and repose wholly in the Supreme Spirit. When a Brahman has reposed in his mind the sacrificial fires, he may proceed direct from the second order, or that of Grihastha, or even from the first order, or that of Brahmachari, to the fourth order, or that of Sannyasi. The glory of that Brahman who passes from the order of Grihastha to that of Sannyasi, illuminates the higher worlds. He should take an earthen water-pot, dwell at the roots of large trees, wear coarse vestures, abide in total solitude, and exhibit a perfect equanimity toward all creatures. He should wish neither for death nor for life; but expect his appointed time, as a hired servant expects his wages. He should look down as he advances his foot, lest he should touch any thing impure. He should drink water that has been purified by straining through a cloth, lest he hurt an insect. He should, if he speaks at all, utter words that are purified by truth. He should, by all means, keep his heart pure. He should bear a reproachful speech with patience, and speak reproachfully to no man ; and he should never utter a word relating to vain, illusory things. He should delight in meditating upon the Supreme Spirit, and sit fixed, in such meditation, without needing any thing earthly, without one sensual desire, and without any companion but his own soul.

"He should only ask for food once a day, and that should be in the evening, when the

smoke of the kitchen fires has ceased, when the pestle lies motionless, when the burning charcoal is extinguished, when people have eaten, and when dishes are removed. If he fails to obtain food he should not be sorrowful ; if he succeed in obtaining it he should not be glad. He should only care to obtain a sufficiency to support life, and he should not be anxious about his utensils.

"A Sannyasi should reflect on the transmigrations of men, which are caused by their sinful deeds ; on their downfall into a region of darkness, and their torments in the mansions of Yama ; on their separation from those whom they love, and their union with those whom they hate ; on their strength being overpowered by old age, and their bodies racked with disease ; on their agonizing departure from this corporeal frame, and their formation again in the womb ; on the misery attached to embodied spirits from a violation of their duties, and the imperishable bliss which attaches to embodied spirits who have abundantly performed every duty.

"A Sannyasi should also reflect, with all the power of his mind, on the subtle indivisible essence of the Supreme Spirit, and its complete existence in all beings, whether extremely high or extremely low.

"The body is a mansion, with bone for its rafters and beams ; with nerves and tendons for cords ; with muscles and blood for mortar ; with skin for its outward covering ; and filled with no sweet perfumes, but loaded with refuse. It is a mansion infested by age and by sorrow ; the seat of diseases ; harassed with pains, haunted with the quality of darkness, and incapable of standing long. Such a mansion of the vital soul should always be quitted with cheerfulness by its occupier." (Institutes, VI, 76, 77.)

There is much that is very sublime and self-denying in the ideal here presented, and the figures used have a real pathos in them. But when you look around and inquire for these self-denying recluses, with their sublime superiority to the things of earth, and the wants and wishes of the human heart, you find them not—certainly not among the Brahmans. Few of these have ever adopted, in reality, a life so like that of the Yogee, or self-torturer. All testimony goes to show that Manu's ordinances for the second and third stages of a Brahman's life have lain in his Law Book with not one Brahman in ten thousand to make them a reality of human experience. It was too much for humanity, and could only be embraced by some fanatic of a Fakir, who would voluntarily

assume such a condition for self-righteous and self-glorifying reasons. Such men can and will do for such reasons what men have not nerve enough to adventure merely in obedience to the theoretic rules of their order.

The Brahmans would fain be regarded as *the learned class* of India. Of course there was a time when in the earlier ages of the world they were so, as compared to other men in other nations. No scholar can doubt this for a moment. But the world and education are no longer what they once were; both have advanced amazingly, while the Brahman has not only stood still, but he has retrograded. The ruins of India's colleges, observatories, and scientific instruments, especially in Benares—once “the eye of Hindostan”—convinces the traveler too painfully of this fact. Even there, in that renowned city, there is not a single public building devoted to, or containing, the treasures of India's arts, sciences, or literature; no paintings, sculptures, or libraries; no colleges of learning; no museums of her curiosities; no monuments of her great men; only beastly idolatry, filthy Fakirs, shrines of vileness without number, and festivals of Saturnalian license, all sustained and illustrated by a selfish and ignorant Brahmanhood.

Their learning is in the past, and little remains of it now, save their great epics and the magnificent dead language in which they were written. Their chronology is a wild exaggerated falsehood; their geography and astronomy are subjects of ridicule to every school-boy; their astrology—to which they are especially devoted—a humbug for deluding their countrymen. They had no true history till foreigners wrote it for them, and could not even read the Palim on their own public monuments, till such Englishmen as Princeps and Tylers deciphered it for them. Native education to-day owes more to Macaulay, Dr. Duff, and Trevelyan, than to all the Brahmans of India for the past five hundred years. Every improvement introduced, and every mitigation of the miseries in the lot of woman, and the lower, and the suffering classes, has been introduced against their will and without their aid, as a class. They feel, they know, that their system is more or less effete—that they are being left behind in the march of improvement, in which their country has entered. But there they stand, scowling and twirling their Brahmanical string, while the Sudras, and the very “Chandalas,” whom they tried so hard to doom to eternal degradation, are obtaining in government and missionary schools a sanctified scholarship which is soon to consign the claims and preten-

sions of this venerable, haughty, and heartless aristocracy to the everlasting contempt which they deserve! One by one, they behold, in their ridiculous helplessness, their strong plans taken and wrested from their grasp. The very Veda in which they gloried, and behind which they falsely defended the vileness and cruelty of their system, has been magnificently collated, and published in eight volumes, by the scholarship of Max Müller, and these rendered with equal ability—the last volume having been published within the last three years—into English by Wilson and Cowell. So that, all the world may now know what the Veda is, and what it teaches, and thus hold these unworthy guardians of it to the fearful responsibility which they have incurred in pretending to quote its authority for the abominations which characterize their modern Hindooism, with all its grievous wrongs against woman, in particular, and against the interests of their own nation, both moral and economical, as well as its violation of the common sense and judgment of mankind, for whose opinions, however, the Brahmans of India never showed the least respect.

THE GULF OF SPEZIA AND THE PEASANTRY OF ITALY.

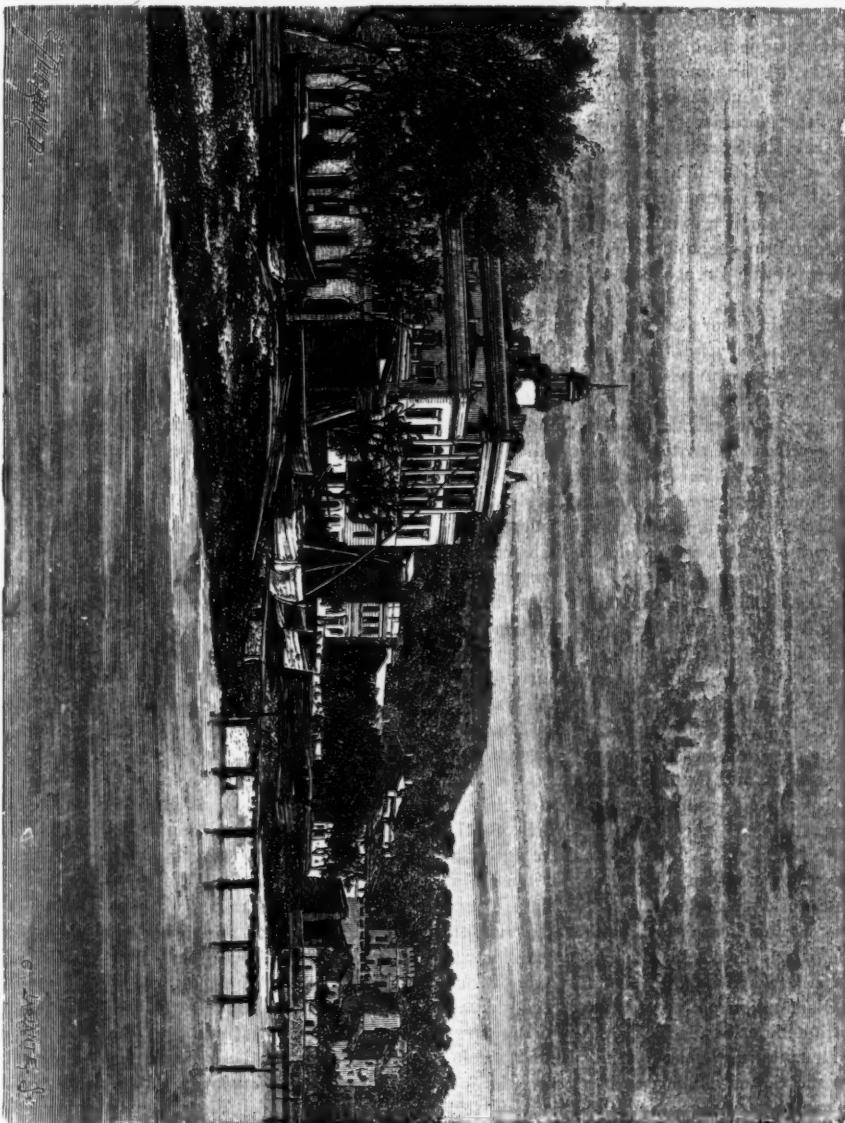
*A*T the commencement of this century, a journey to La Spezia offered very few inducements to those who dreaded seasickness. It was well known, ever since Byron had celebrated in immortal song that marvelous gulf on which the old Ligurian city is built, that the slopes of the Apennines facing toward it were rich in charming scenery. But the slow pace at which the *vetturini* traveled, and the exorbitant demands of the *facchini*, alarmed many; while rumors of primitive cookery in this mountainous country caused to others much vague anxiety. Those who spent money freely were exposed to every sort of vexation. Those who saw the unfavorable side of things were forever haranguing on the ferocious intolerance of the inhabitants of these districts, who, according to their view, were totally unworthy of better government than the grinding tyranny they suffered under.

As in the East, so it is in Italy. Indolent natures, unwilling to change their intellectual habits, and arguing that nations are unimprovable, end by believing that their present condition corresponds with what they themselves were in former times. If, however, Byron could rise from his tomb, he would no more

recognize La Spezia than he would the Piræus and Athens.

Besides the steamers which now ply frequently on the Gulf, the railway conveys passengers in a few hours from Pisa to La Spezia. In this way there is easy and ready access to

this delightful spot. But the progress thus made has brought about also other results. The town itself has changed as much in its general appearance, and its accommodation for travelers, as in its connection with foreign countries.



THE "MALTESE CROSS" HOTEL, SPEZIA.

This little city, formerly renowned for its *dolce far niente* common to all Italian towns, cut off, from difficulty of access, from the rest of the world, and equally notorious from the inquisitorial vexations of its retrograde governments—well portrayed by Boyle, in his "Char-

treuse de Parme"—is now alive with the sound of the hammer, and the whistle of the steam-engine is constantly heard. Napoleon, who had well understood the advantages which could be reaped from all its ports—the Porto della Spezia, at the extremity of the gulf, the Porto

di Portovenere, and the Gulfs of Grazie, Pani-gaglia, and Castagna, on the western coast, and the Porto di Lerici on the eastern coast—wished to make Spezia the first naval port of his vast empire. His ministers, less prescient than himself, were of opinion that an immense state, in which a power succeeding to the liberal propaganda of 1789 would welcome indiscriminately as subjects, or as vassals, the Latin, the German, the Iberian, and the Sclavonic races, would have but little chance of durability. They, therefore, were unwilling to execute works at La Spezia which might ultimately prove of service to a people distinct, if not inimical. But when Italy was freed from foreign thralldom, it was but natural that it should again put into execution the plans which the Emperor of the French had commenced at La Spezia.

Here, as in other Italian provinces, the position of the peasantry is an object of interesting study. Nothing can be easier than this in some countries, as, for example, in Switzerland, where the peasant soon attains to manhood—thanks to compulsory education and good political government. But in Italy, as in most of the Latin countries, the peasant still scarcely knows how to read or write, and, as his poverty generally prevents his voting, he is little considered. This species of forgetfulness may prove of serious consequence in the long run, but at present his ideas and wishes are not regarded. In point of fact, the whole country around is almost an unknown land to the ordinary tourist. So lately as the last century, the same was the case in France, and it was not till an Englishman, the celebrated Arthur Young, made a tour of inspection, and published an account of the resources of that great country, that any change was observable. The admirable work of this philanthropist, professing to be a mere agricultural journey, is still read with profit. In Italy, in the reign of the late King of Sardinia, it was first attempted to insist on primary instruction in the rural districts, where the intellectual status is far from being a brilliant one. Monsieur Sismondi, a native of Switzerland, during a protracted residence in Tuscany, made careful systematic inquiry as to the state of agriculture in the Grand Duchy, and the condition of the Tuscan peasantry; and the result of this inquiry was an agricultural tableau of Tuscany, published in 1801, not devoid of interest.

In speaking of the Italian peasantry of the present day, difficult as it may be to procure accurate descriptions of each province, it is not impossible to form a general idea of their condition; but, in order to do this, care must be

taken to avoid generalizing too much on the subject.

The Italian Continental peasant, albeit he may be inferior to the Prussian, who can read, write, calculate, and turn to advantage scientific discoveries, is nevertheless not inferior in these respects to the French peasant in the departments, but neither of them have had many opportunities of detailed study.

In peninsular Italy the case is unfortunately very different. As a general rule, the former rulers did little or nothing to drag the peasantry from the depths of misery and ignorance. "*Festa, forza, farina,*" was the favorite saying of Francis I., King of the Two Sicilies. According to him these words were the shibboleth of government, and were made use of in their most repulsive sense. In Venice the heads of the Republic believed in patriotic rejoicings, or, to say the least, clung to the idea of impartial justice. In Naples the fêtes are well described in the accounts published of the miracle of St. Januarius. Justice did not exist for the inferior classes at this time, and the daily existence of the mass was limited to the consumption of the eternal *polenta*, a concoction of Indian corn, the fabrication of which had been handed down in unbroken tradition from the time of the Roman Empire.

As a rule, the food of the peasant in Italy, even as late as in 1868, was very insufficient; and it is well known that an imperfectly fed population can not do effective work. Seventeen millions of Italian peasantry only accomplish the work of four millions of English laborers. It is easy to perceive the sad consequences of such a state of things, tending, as they do, to the absolute decadence of the race.

Nevertheless, there is no need to despair with regard to the condition of the Italian peasantry; and at La Spezia itself instructive comparisons may be made. When, as occasionally happens, an English squadron is stationed in the Gulf, and the sailors are permitted to land and roam about the town, their good looks, frank and resolute bearing, and cleanliness are seen to contrast strongly with the spare frames, the yellow complexions, and the poor brown cotton clothing of the Ligurian peasants, resorting to town on business. But at night the scene is changed. The English sailor, then gorged with food and wine—the wines of the district, both red and white, are agreeable and heady—had completely lost the bearing which reflected so much credit on him; while the peasant, who had not yet set out on his home-ward journey, was chatting, laughing, and singing under the shade of the plane-trees, looking

like a needy buttermen glancing scornfully at a drunken mob. It is pleasant to recognize in this Italian peasant of the nineteenth century the representative of the old Greco-Roman civilization, whose wonderful prestige is retained even by the lowest of her sons.

The dress of the peasantry round La Spezia speaks little for their wealth, although every now and then the velvet waistcoat is seen. They generally wear somber-colored stuffs, and the farmers wear the same material, cut in the same style, as the workmen. The blouse worn in France is seldom seen in Italy, which is the more to be regretted, as it is cleanly, if only because it is so easily washed. Some of the country people on the coast wear a scarlet cap, with a black border, which forms a bright contrast to their other garments. Those who do not share in the Russian Moujik idea, that red and beauty are synonymous terms, wear head-dresses of a less vivid hue. Sometimes the cap drops over one shoulder, like the Greek fez; sometimes it hangs forward, in the Phrygian style. When worn with the velvet coat, it forms a not unpicturesque costume.

Those who seek for variety in the dress of the agricultural classes will do well to visit the villages on the first Sunday in July, at the Feast of Our Lady of Acquasanta, whose sanctuary is situated at the summit of one of the hills round Marola, a charming village whose many-tinted houses—the Ligurians love color in their habitations—lie dotted about on terraces. The hamlet can be seen from La Spezia. As a matter of course, in order to do honor to the Virgin, the country-women don their best attire. They seem to have more taste for vivid color than their husbands, but even with them it is less a passion than with most Southern populations. They are, however, strikingly fond of jewelry, and some of them wear ear-rings of spherical form, the lower part studded with ornaments of more or less complicated workmanship. Like the Romans, flowers are their delight, and like the "flora campi" in the old Roman songs, they coquettishly place them in their hair, over the right ear, side by side with a tiny flat straw hat, whose streamers, fastened to the hair, form a slight support.

A lady resident in Spezia has related the following anecdote, as illustrative of the tastes of the people: "Once, during a promenade in the *boschetto*, I saw two old, wrinkled females sauntering about like myself. Suddenly one of them, after looking furtively from right to left, to make sure of the absence of the police, whose peculiar dress and wand of office hold in awe the most refractory, glided rapidly through

a breach—made, no doubt, by others for similar exploits—in the thick and high box hedge which skirts the principal walk, and pounced on two Indian roses which she had espied in one of the beds. She had hardly secured her spoil, and was mistress of these poor and scentless flowers, than she began to place one of them in her hair, giving the other to her companion. They pursued their walk, as contented and pleased as if they had been securing from an orange-tree its choicest blossoms. They enjoyed the double satisfaction of doing a forbidden thing, and of adorning themselves with flowers whose rich yellow tint presented so pleasing a contrast to the ebony of their hair." Generally the female peasantry have the good taste to prefer the alabaster corolla of the Cape jasmine. So popular is this flower that sometimes even laboring men may be seen wearing it over the ear.

Even the oxen are coquettishly attired. Sometimes the white head of one of these patient animals may be seen decked with a sort of woolen crown, from which hang green, red, and blue balls. These the creature gravely shakes from side to side while promenading through the streets of the town. Animals no less than men are susceptible to vanity, and every one knows that the horse is proud enough when equipped richly, and honored by bearing one of the magnates of the earth, whose splendid costume is a fortune in itself. The narrow mountain paths which encircle La Spezia do not allow of the passage of carts worthy of such beautiful white oxen, with their splendid black horns and benign expression of countenance. Three sticks, in the form of a triangle, forming a rustic seat, solid if not elegant, are the only conveyances for human beings; and sure-footed mules carry easily over the mountains burdens which elsewhere would be placed in carts. Long processions of these animals, in single file, bearing on either side well-balanced barrels of wine, are often met with in La Spezia. They seldom appear tired, and seem as if they possess all the virtues ascribed to the ass by Buffon, in his delineation of that sober and hard-working animal. Although probably ignorant of the works of the celebrated naturalist, the peasantry fully appreciate the qualities of the donkey, which they use for riding. A cavalcade of asses, black and gray, presents a singular appearance. In the East, and even in the neighboring peninsula of Spain, the donkeys, as is well known, are treated with any thing but contempt: and it would not be difficult, by ingenious crossings of the breed, superintended by intelligent trainers, to improve

very greatly the race at present so despised and hardly treated in Western Europe.

A French writer lately announced that in Italy there was no middle class, and that every one in that country, as in Russia, was either a peasant or a noble. This is a great error. Often in the history of the Italian Republic the middle classes were engaged in active warfare with the patrician. In Genoa there has always been a democratic party, although the innumerable titles might lead the superficial observer to suppose that all the towns are crowded with nobility. The Italian aristocracy, however, readily admits into its rank all whom fortune has enriched, so that the son of a tradesman may become a noble with little or no trouble. This, at least, was the case a few years ago, when even the Grand Ducal Government in Tuscany sold titles very cheaply. Perhaps a more legitimate accession of titles arises from the fact that old patrician, but non-titled, families have helped themselves freely to those titles which suit them best; and this is done, as in France, without any authorization, and without any arrangement having been made with the State.

People privileged to wear orders—and their number exceeds those of France or Germany—call themselves *commendatori* or *cavaliere*, according to the position they hold in the hierarchy of SS. Maurice and Lazare, or of any other order of chivalry, national or foreign. If we sound the matter to the bottom, we shall find that the middle class abounds in Italy, without, however, being as powerful as it was in France in the reign of Louis Philippe. The Compte de Cavour was descended, on the mother's side, from a family of citizens of Geneva; and the economical, practical, laborious turn of mind so common to the Swiss republican was easily discernible in him. M. Ratazzi, at the head of the opposition monarchical party, is a lawyer from Alessandria. M. Mazzini, so celebrated for his oratorical powers, is a lawyer from Genoa. M. Crispi, a noted orator of the opposition party, has no pretensions to being descended from Crispus, of Rome, though the dignity has been ascribed to him by French writers; he belongs to the Albanian colonies of Southern Italy. The nobility, notwithstanding, have not remained passive spectators of the affairs of the country, as was the case in France under Louis Philippe. To illustrate this it is only necessary to mention a few names of the active party in Italy. The Ricassoli, the Peruzzi, the Pepoli, the Rasponi, etc., are examples.

At La Spezia it may truly be said that the

four seasons of the calendar are fully represented in different parts of the year. As the gulf opens out toward the south, and is enclosed by high ground all round, the whole district almost seems to form a natural conservatory. In the bad season—which lasts but a short time—the *tramontana*, which corresponds with the terrible *mistral* of Provence, is occasionally felt dropping down from the Apennines. The sirocco, which the Swiss so much dread under the name of *föhn*, and which has blown over this coast ever since, toward the close of the diluvian period, the Sahara emerged from the depths of the ocean, comes with little or no impediment from Africa, and brings in its train languor and a peculiar morbid state, affecting some persons very disagreeably. Even in Summer, however, when most trying, there are some who can bear it with perfect resignation. The English suffer greatly at the time when it prevails. Thus, in the month of August it is almost unbearable, especially if the usual stimulating diet of our country people is retained. At these times wine—especially the strong wines of the district—brandy, pepper, pimento, and all other condiments, and even tea, must be regarded as injurious.

The Italians, however, on the other hand, perhaps run into the contrary excess, and live too exclusively on cold vegetable food. In Summer, when they are covered with perspiration, they devour iced water and *gelati*; every one consumes large quantities of fruit, which they eat as green in La Spezia as in Roumania. Figs, pistachio nuts, peaches, and pears, hard as stones, frequently bring on gastroenteric affections. In cholera time, the use of this kind of food counteracts the efforts made by Government and the municipality to stop the complaint. The result of this inattention to proper food, added to the serious want of sanitary regulations, is that this terrible epidemic threatens to become naturalized in the Italian peninsula. For some years past it has, indeed, raged just as it did formerly in India, in the Valley of the Ganges, from whence it spread into Western Asia, thence into Egypt, and finally into Southern Europe. In Winter the same contempt of sanitary precaution exists, and it is almost universal in the South. Thus rheumatism is very prevalent among the inhabitants in the Gulf of Spezia, where their clothing, pleasant enough when the sirocco blows, is no defense when the *tramontana* suddenly descends from the Apennines like an icy torrent.

On the Mediterranean coast, this variation of temperature is so decided as to become for-

midable. Cold is all the more felt because it is followed by great heat. When it rains, the water falls from the heavy lowering sky just as if a deluge were about to drown the world. In the Autumn, even so early as toward the end of September, a heavy rain-fall sometimes causes the air to become so chilly as to resemble Winter. In the year 1867, after an unusually heavy storm, the working classes at Marola found themselves immediately after the tempest so seriously attacked by illness, that a great lesson must have been learned, by even the most careless, as to the influence these dangerous changes have on the human constitution, and how far they reduce the value of human life in these beautiful countries. An old Arab proverb declares that "Allah does not disinherit any of his creatures." Many a spot where the sun shines but seldom, where wine is not a product of the soil, and where all seems dull and melancholy, may have large compensation in the enjoyment of permanent liberty. In such countries there is an honest pride felt that they are taking an active part in the progress of the human race.

Italians close their bathing establishments before the tempestuous weather arises; consequently, strangers coming for the benefit of the baths are not generally present when these sudden changes of weather occur, and convert for the moment the lovely Gulf of Spezia into a scene so somber and terrible. The Summer is dry and warm, and permits of the full enjoyment of the glorious moonlit nights.

The gulf being inclosed on three sides by mountains, the moon is only visible when it is sufficiently high to be seen above their summits. Before this happens, and the tips of the waves become spotted with silver light, the crest of the mountain is seen crowned with a mysterious aureola, which momentarily becomes brighter and brighter. When the Queen of Night at length appears, her rays shine as a flame, lighting up the summit of the eastern range. The dark-blue waters of the gulf then suddenly become transformed into a sheet of glittering gold, whose undulating waves gently caress the shore. Those who have not seen other seas than the British Channel or the German Ocean, can not picture to themselves the serenity of these nights in August on the Mediterranean shore. It was these waves that rocked the inspired lover of Graziella in the enchanted gulf of Parthenope—

"Murmur round my bark,
O gentle sea!"

From time to time soft-breathing zephyr conveys gently to the waves the pink and white

petals of the oleander, or the large leaf of the plane, a tree which waits not for Autumn before shedding its finger-shaped leaves over the passers-by. The oleanders of the *boschetto*, whose green leaves, similar to those of the orange, brave the Winter, begin toward the early days of September to lose their crown of flowers; but here they are to be found still, beautiful as those on the shores of the Eurotas, and radiant as in the days when the sacred stream caressed the alabaster form of the mother of Helen.

A month later the moon shines on a different scene. In August, however, bathers, sailors, and citizens, crowd the beach; from boats, hastening homeward across the gulf, joyous voices are heard singing. The sweet Latin intonation, so precious to the ear of the great poet whose name is still held in soft remembrance all along the coast, is blended with the sonorous, though homely tones of the more northern people. In front of the *cafés* are discussed the affairs of the Old and New World. Strangers and sons of the soil seem equally averse to retiring for the night, for they dread heat, gnats, and listlessness, as an accompaniment to the pillow. But the manners and customs of the little town are rendered subservient to the habits of the bathing community, and when the moon has risen all is soon calm. Shortly after ten o'clock the momentary hum of life ceases. No carriages are heard returning from excursions in the neighborhood. The voice of the *popolane* and the noisy songs of the sailors cease to disturb the peace of night, and only a few strangers still haunt the *cafés*. Nevertheless, the magic aspect of the scene remains. So transparent is the air, that, as in Greece, objects at enormous distance off are plainly discernible. From the quay the whole gulf is seen lighted up by the soft beams, and not a skiff is hidden from view. Boats of every kind rock gently on the surface of the water, in which they are reflected as in a mirror.

THE SONG OF DEBORAH.

DMONG the many impassioned poems with which Hebrew literature abounds, this triumphal ode, universally known as "Deborah's Song," is one of the most splendid specimens. Force, beauty, grandeur, sublimity—all are here. Bold and startling figures, sudden and abrupt transitions, and occasional touches of sarcasm most consummately set, are noticeable features, and while they serve to make the thoughts presented more impressive

and the style more spirited, they often render the exposition difficult.

It is said that Deborah and Barak sang the song. As Moses and Miriam led Israel in singing the triumphal song of Exod. xv, and as the daughters of Israel came out of all their cities singing and dancing to meet King Saul after the victory over the Philistines, and with various instruments of music answered to each other as they played and sang (1 Sam. xviii, 6), so in this case Barak probably led the men, and Deborah the women, and at the appropriate passages they responded to each other.

No one will pretend that both Deborah and Barak were jointly the authors of this poem. An almost universal opinion ascribes it to Deborah herself, and this position most naturally explains the freshness and emotionality apparent in nearly every line. Add to this the thought, again and again suggested in the song itself, that, whoever the person, the author must have been a woman. "A man," says one writer, "would have portrayed the boldest deeds of arms, the most striking scenes of the struggle, which the woman only designates by a single pencil stroke, while she dwells with delight upon the flight of Sisera. Only a woman could praise the deed of Jael as Deborah did. To none other than a woman's mind would the cares and anxieties of the mother be suggested, as the chariot of Sisera long delayed its coming." And still stronger evidence than all this concerning the authorship is afforded in verses three and seven, where the words, "I will sing," and "I, Deborah, arose," clearly make Deborah herself the professed author of the song. She probably composed it immediately after the victory over Sisera, for the purpose of a public celebration of that great national triumph.

This distinguished prophetess dwelt under a tent "such as the patriarchs lo ed;" namely, a palm-tree, between Ramah and Mt. Ephraim. Her wonderful natural endowments, intelligence, poetic genius, and intuitive penetration, all exalted by the divine gift of prophecy, made her conspicuous as a shining light in the darkness which had fallen upon Israel. On account of their sins the Lord had sold Israel into the hands of Jabin, a king who reigned in Hazor, and for twenty years he mightily oppressed them. Deborah was the divinely chosen deliverer. As a distinguished chieftain, providentially raised up to lead a nation through a revolution, or throw off a foreign yoke, is called a *father of his country*, so Deborah arose a *mother in Israel*.

Her sex did not disqualify her for this divine mission, nor hinder her from gaining ascendency

over the minds of her people. They who sit in darkness and deep distress do not object to be delivered even by the hand of a woman. To such sex is no disqualification for the leadership, if she only give sure indications of leading them to victory. Nothing great and noble, which she has strength to do, is out of woman's sphere. How unphilosophical, and how derogatory to the wisdom of the Giver of all good gifts, are those barriers which human prejudice, custom, or law, has set up against the fullest employment of woman's talents as a helpmeet for man in all the duties and interests of life! In the history of Israel God called women to the high offices of judge and prophet, and we find Deborah giving orders to Barak to go forth and conduct the battle against the hosts of Jabin. But to the command of troops in the field—an office inferior to that of the executive, and to the office of the priesthood or an ordained ministry, which is also inferior to the gift of prophecy, there is in the holy Scriptures no instance of a divine commission to woman.

In the fourth and fifth chapters of Judges we have both a historical and a poetical account of Deborah's work and influence in Israel, but the song alone contains ample information of the occasion which called it forth. It opens with a joyful burst of praise to God for the devout and earnest volunteering of the people for the war. "The loosing of locks" is a poetical expression for an act of self-consecration to God, and to be explained as an allusion to the unrestrained growth of the locks of one who took upon himself the Nazarite vow. No razor was allowed to come upon the head of the Nazarite during the days of his vow, and so his locks were left loosely and freely to grow. The expression is further explained and confirmed by the next line of the parallelism—"for the free self-offering of the people." All the people who took part in the war with Sisera, the leader of Jabin's army, are represented as having taken on them a vow of consecration to God's service as solemn and divine as that of the Nazarite, and for this she first of all blesses Jehovah.

Then she turns in a tone of lofty defiance to the heathen kings, and bids them, as if they were present, listen to her, as she, a feeble woman, sings over them a song of triumph. Then most appropriately she passes at once to speak of the miraculous interposition of Jehovah. The trembling earth, the dropping heavens, the quaking mountains, together with the statements of verses twenty and twenty-one, that the heavens-fought, and the swollen Kishon swept the hosts of Sisera away, all point to a terrible thunder-storm which God sent on that

occasion to discomfit the enemies of his people. The inspired poetess saw in that tempest a sublime theophany which reminded her of the ancient scenes at Sinai. The going out from Seir and through the fields of Edom is therefore to be understood as the approach from that south-eastern quarter of the heavens of a tremendous tempest, in which Jehovah moved forth from his seat on Sinai, and marched to the rescue of his people.

Next follows a description of the desolate state of the land, and the absence of any government in Israel worthy of the name until the days of Deborah; of the idolatries of the people, and the curse of war that ever followed as a punishment, and of the want of arms among the people. Then, calling on all classes of the people to join her in the song, she proceeds to sing of the action of the different tribes in relation to the war. One of the keenest pieces of irony in the Scriptures is the allusion in verses fifteen and sixteen to the tribe of Reuben. They heard the call of Deborah, and at once began to make great plans and lofty *determinations* to give much help in the war, but, as if charmed by the pipings among the flocks, all their great resolutions ended in *deliberations*.

After a vivid picture of the battle, the prophetess suddenly pauses and pronounces a bitter curse on Meroz. Of the history of this place we have no other trace. Perhaps it utterly perished by reason of this awful curse. It seems to have lain along the route of the flying Canaanites, and its inhabitants culpably neglected to help the leaders of Israel in the pursuit. While the apathy of some of the tribes called forth only censure or reproach, the neglects of Meroz were so great as to call forth a bitter curse.

In contrast with the curse of Meroz stands the blessing of Jael, on which Stanley says: "Her attitude, her weapon, her deed, are described as if they had become fixed in the national mind. She stands like the personification of the figure of speech so famous in the names of Judas the *Macabee*—the Hebrew word for hammer is *maccab*—and Charles *Martel*; the Hammer of her country's enemies. Step by step we see her advance; first the dead silence with which she approaches the sleeper, slumbering with the weariness of one who has run far and fast, then the successive blows with which she hammers, crushes, beats, and pierces through and through the forehead of the upturned face, till the point of the nail reaches the very ground on which the slumberer is stretched; and then comes the one startling bound, the contortion of agony, with which the

expiring man rolls over from the low divan and lies writhing in blood between her feet as she strides over the lifeless corpse."

From one female character the poetess now passes to another—from Jael to Sisera's mother. The abrupt and striking prosopopœia of verses 28–30 is one of the most thrilling passages in the song. Never dreaming of defeat Sisera's mother confidently awaits her son's triumphal return, but, growing impatient at his long delay, she and her royal maidens entertain themselves with speculations such as none but Oriental females would talk about at such an hour. These ladies of the harem expected to share largely in the rich embroidered garments of their country's enemies, and peered earnestly through the latticed windows of their apartments to see those garments carried in the triumphal procession on the necks of the captive maidens, who formed so important a part of the spoil.

"The Prophetess does not stop," says Dr. Robinson, "to say that all these hopes of Sisera's mother were dashed to the ground, but she implies this in another abrupt apostrophe, in which she invokes like destruction upon all the enemies of Jehovah. This abruptness makes a far more vivid impression than any language" could have done. And then the bold and striking figure, with which the poem closes, forcibly and truly indicates the rising and growing power of the true Israel of God.

The common English version of Deborah's song is peculiarly defective. No less an authority than the late Dr. Edward Robinson said of it that "in many parts it is wholly unintelligible." We append a new and literal translation, in which the exact order, force, and emotionality of the Hebrew original is as far as possible preserved.

VERSE 2. For the loosing of locks in Israel,
For the free self-offering of the people,
 Bless Jehovah!

3. Hear, O, Kings; give ear, O, princes;
I to Jehovah, even I, will sing,
 Will sound the harp to Jehovah, the God of Israel.

4. O, Jehovah, in thy going out from Seir,
In thy marching from the field of Edom,
The earth did tremble and the heavens did drop;
Yea, the dark clouds dropped water.

5. The mountains quaked before Jehovah,
That Sinai before Jehovah, the God of Israel.

6. In the days of Shamgar, the son of Anath,
In the days of Jael, ceased the roads,
And the travelers of highways traveled roads of crookedness.

7. Ceased the government in Israel—they ceased;
Until I, Deborah, arose,
I arose, a mother in Israel.

8. He chose gods that were new;
Then war was at the gates;

Shield could there be seen, or spear,
Among forty thousand in Israel?

9. My heart is toward the rulers of Israel,
Those freely offering themselves among the people;
 Bless Jehovah!

10. O, riders of dappled she-asses,
Reposers on splendid carpets,
And travelers on the way,
 Meditate the song.

11. From the voice of spoil-dividers between the water-troughs,
There commemorate the righteous acts of Jehovah,
The righteous acts of his government in Israel,
Then go down to the gates the people of Jehovah.

12. Awake, awake, O Deborah!
Awake, awake, utter a song!
 Arise, O Barak!
And lead captive thy captives, O son of Abinoam!

13. Then came down a remnant of the nobles of the people,
Jehovah came down to me among the mighty ones;

14. Out of Ephraim, whose root is in Amalek,
After thee was Benjamin among thy people;
Out of Machir came down rulers,
And out of Zebulon those holding the commander's staff,

15. And the princes in Issachar were with Deborah,
Even Issachar, the support of Barak,
In the valley was he sent at his feet.

 By the streams of Reuben,
Great were the determinations of heart.

16. Why sattest thou between the double sheep-folds?
To hear the piping of the herds?
 By the streams of Reuben,
Great were the deliberations of heart!

17. Gilead beyond the Jordan dwelt,
And Dan, why sojourns he in ships?
Asher sat at the shore of the sea,
And upon his harbors let him dwell.

18. Zebulon, a people that scorned his soul to death,
And Naphtali, upon the high places of the field.

19. There came kings; they fought;
Then fought the kings of Canaan,
At Taanach, upon the waters of Megiddo,
 Spoil of silver they did not take.

20. From heaven they fought,
The stars from their courses fought with Sisera.

21. The river Kishon swept them away,
The river of ancient times, the river Kishon.
 Trample down, O my soul, the strong!

22. Then smote the hoofs of the horse,
From the galloping, the galloping of his heroes.

23. Curse Meroz, said the angel of Jehovah,
Curse with a curse her inhabitants;
For they came not to the help of Jehovah,
To the help of Jehovah among the mighty ones.

24. Blessed above women be Jael,
The wife of Heber the Kenite;
Above women in the tent let her be blessed.

25. Water he asked; milk she gave;
In a bowl of the nobles she brought him curds.

26. Her hand to the tent-pin she stretched forth,
And her right-hand to the hammer of the workmen,
And she hammered Sisera, she crushed his head,
And she smote through and transfixes his temples.

27. Between her feet he sank down, he fell;
Where he sank down there he fell slain.

28. Through the window she bent forward, and cried aloud,
The mother of Sisera through the lattice-window:
 "Wherefore delays his chariot to come?
 Wherefore linger the paces of his royal steed?"

29. The wise ones of her princesses answer her.
Yea, also she returns answer to herself:

30. "Are they not finding, dividing the spoil?
One maiden, two maidens to the head of a hero;
Spoil of dyed garments for Sisera,
Spoil of dyed garments: embroidery;
A dyed garment of double embroidery for the necks of the
 spoil."

31. So shall perish all thy enemies, O Jehovah!
But they that love him shall be as the going forth of the sun
in his strength.

ABOUT CORAL LIFE.

THE group of Corallines consists of a single genus, *Corallium*, having a common axis, inarticulate, solid, and calcareous, the typical species of which furnishes matter hard, brilliant, and richly colored, and much sought after as an object of adornment. This interesting zoophyte and its product require to be described with some detail.

From very early times the coral has been adopted as an object of ornament. From the highest antiquity, also, efforts were made to ascertain its true origin, and the place assignable to it in the works of Nature. Theophrastus, Dioscorides, and Pliny considered that the coral was a plant. Tournefort, in 1700, reproduced the same idea. Réaumur slightly modified this opinion of the ancients, and declared his opinion that the coral was the stony product of certain marine plants. Science was in this state when a naturalist, who has acquired a great name, the Count de Marsigli, made a discovery which threw quite a new light on the true origin of this natural product. He announced that he had discovered the flowers of the coral. He represented these flowers in his fine work, "La Physique de la Mer," which includes many interesting details respecting this curious product of the ocean. How could it be longer doubted that the coral was a plant, since he had seen its expanded flowers? No one doubted it, and Réaumur proclaimed everywhere the discovery of the happy Academician.

Unhappily a discordant note soon mingled in this concert. It even emanated from a pupil of Marsigli!

Jean André de Peyssonnel was born at Marseilles in 1694. He was a student of medicine and natural history at Paris when the Académie des Sciences charged him with the task of studying the coral on the sea-shore. Peyssonnel began his observations in the neighborhood of Marseilles in 1723. He pursued it on the North African coast, where he had been sent on a mission by the Government. Aided by a long series of observations as exact as they were delicate, Peyssonnel demonstrated that the pretended flowers which the Count de Mar-

sigli thought he had discovered in the coral, were true animals, and showed that the coral was neither plant nor the product of a plant, but a being with life, which he placed in the first "rung" of the zoölogical ladder. "I put the flower of the coral," said Peyssonnel, "in vases full of sea water, and I saw that what had been taken for a flower of this pretended plant was, in truth, only an insect, like a little sea-nettle, or polyp. I had the pleasure of seeing removed the claws or feet of the creature, and having put the vase full of water, which contained the coral, in a gentle heat over the fire, all the small insects seemed to expand. The polyp extended his feet, and formed what M. de Marsigli and I had taken for the petals of a flower. The calyx of this pretended flower, in short, was the animal, which advanced and issued out of its cells."

The observations of Peyssonnel were calculated to put aside altogether theories which had lately attracted universal admiration, but they were coldly received by the naturalists, his contemporaries. Réaumur distinguished himself greatly in his opposition to the young innovator. He wrote to Peyssonnel in an ironical tone: "I think [he says] as you do, that no one has hitherto been disposed to regard the coral as the work of insects. We can not deny that this idea is both new and singular; but the coral, as it appears to me, never could have been constructed by sea-nerves or polyps, if we may judge from the manner in which you make them labor."

What appeared impossible to Réaumur was, however, a fact which Peyssonnel had demonstrated to hundreds by his experiments at Marseilles. Nevertheless, Bernard de Jussieu did not find the reasons he urged strong enough to induce him to abandon the opinions he had formed as to their vegetable origin. Afflicted and disgusted at the indifferent success with which his labors were received, Peyssonnel abandoned his investigations. He even abandoned science and society, and sought an obscure retirement in the Antilles as a naval surgeon, and his manuscripts, which he left in France, have never been printed. These manuscripts, written in 1744, were preserved in the library of the Museum of Natural History at Paris. The title is comprehensive and sufficiently descriptive. It should be added, in order to complete the recital, that Réaumur and Bernard de Jussieu finally recognized the value of the discoveries and the validity of the reasoning of the naturalist of Marseilles. When these illustrious *savants* became acquainted with the experiments of Trembley upon the fresh-

water hydræ; when they had themselves repeated them; when they had made similar observations on the sea-anemone and alcyonidæ; when they finally discovered that other so-called marine plants animalcules were found similar to the hydra, so admirably described by Trembley—they no longer hesitated to render full justice to the views of their former adversary.

While Peyssonnel still lived forgotten at the Antilles, his scientific labors were crowned with triumph at Paris; but it was a sterile triumph for him. Réaumur gave to the animalcules which construct the coral the name of *Polyps*, and *Coral* to the product itself, for such he considered the architectural product of the polyps. In other words, Réaumur introduced into science the views which he had keenly contested with their author. But from that time the animal nature of the coralline has never been doubted.

Without pausing to note the various authors who have given their attention to this fine natural production, we shall at once direct our attention to the organization of the animalcules, and the construction of the coral.

M. Lacaze-Duthiers, Professor at the Jardin des Plantes of Paris, published in 1864 a remarkable monograph, entitled "L'Histoire Naturelle du Corail." This learned naturalist was charged by the French Government, in 1860, with a mission having for its object the study of the coral from the natural history point of view. His observations upon the zoophytes are numerous and precise, and worthy of the successor of Peyssonnel; but for close observation, practical conclusions, and popular exposition, the world is more indebted to Charles Darwin than to any other naturalist.

A branch of living coral, if we may use the term, is an aggregation of animals derived from a first being by budding. They are united among themselves by a common tissue, each seeming to enjoy a life of its own, though participating in a common object. The branch seems to originate in an egg, which produces a young animal, which attaches itself soon after its birth, as already described. From this is derived the new beings which, by their united labors, produce the branch of coral or polypidom.

This branch is composed of two distinct parts: the one central, of a hard, brittle, and stony nature, the well-known coral of commerce; the other altogether external, like the bark of a tree, soft and fleshy, and easily impressed with the nail. This is essentially the bed of the living colony. The first is called the polypidom, the second is the colony of



FIG. 1. Living Bed of Coral after the entrance of the Polyps.

(*Lacaze-Duthiers.*) like the rest of the bark, the festooned throat of which presents eight denticulations.

The polyp itself (Fig. 2) is formed of a whitish membranous tube, nearly cylindrical, having an upper disk, surrounded by its eight tentacula, bearing many delicate fibers spreading out laterally. This assemblage of tentacula resembles



FIG. 2. Three Polyps of the Coral.
(*Lacaze-Duthiers.*)

the corolla of some flowers; its form is very variable, but always truly elegant. Fig. 3—which is borrowed from M. Lacaze-Duthiers's great work—represents one of these forms of the coral.

The arms of the polyps are at times subject to violent agitation; the tentacula become much excited. If this excitement continues, the tentacula can be seen to fold and roll themselves up, as shown in Fig. 4. If we look at the expanded disk, we see that the eight tentacula attach themselves to the body, describing a space perfectly circular, in the middle of which rises a small mammal, the summit of which is

polyps. This bed (Fig. 1) is much contracted when the water is withdrawn from the colony. It is covered with salient mammals or protuberances, much wrinkled and furrowed.

Each protuberance incloses a polyp, and presents on its summit eight folds, radiating round a central pore, which presents a star-like appearance. This pore as it opens gives to the polyps the opportunity of coming out. Its edge presents a reddish calyx,

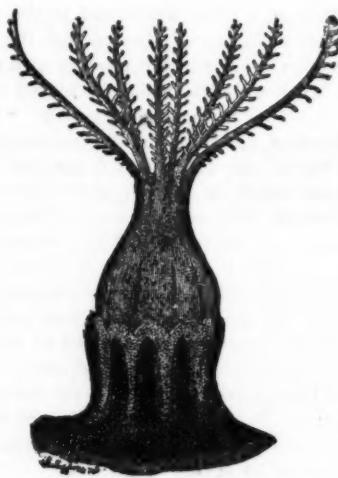


FIG. 3. Coral Polyp. (*Lacaze-Duthiers.*)

occupied by a small slit like two rounded lips. This is the mouth of the polyps, the form being very variable, but well represented in Fig. 4, where the organ under consideration is displayed.

A cylindrical tube connected with the mouth represents the œsophagus or gullet; but all other portions of the digestive tube are very rudimentary. The œsophagus connects the



FIG. 4. Another form of the Coral Polyp.

general cavity of the body with the exterior, and looks as if it were suspended in the middle of the body by certain folds, which issue with perfect symmetry from eight points of its circumference. The folds which thus fix the œsophagus form a series of cells, above each of which it attaches itself, and supports an arm or tentaculum.

Let us pause an instant over the soft and fleshy bark in which the polyps are engaged. Let us see also what are the mutual relations which exist between the several inhabitants of one of these colonies, how they are attached

to one another, and what is their connection with the polypidom.

The thick fleshy body, soft, and easily impressed with the finger, is the living part which produces the coral; it extends itself so as exactly to cover the whole polypidom. If it perishes at any one point, that part of the axis



FIG. 5. Coralline Spiculae, which corresponds with the point no longer shows any increase. An intimate relation, therefore, exists between the bark and the polypidom. If the bark is examined more closely, three principal elements are recognized—a common general *tissue*, some *spicula*, and certain *vessels*. The general tissue is transparent, glossy, cellular, and contractile.

The *spiculae* are very small calcareous concretions, more or less elongated, covered with knotted joints bristling with spines, and of regular determinate form (Fig. 5). They refract the light very vividly, and their color is that of the coral, but much weaker, in consequence of their want of thickness. They are uniformly distributed throughout the bark, and give to the coral the fine color which generally characterizes it.

The vessels constitute a net-work, which extends and repeats itself in the thickness of the crust. These vessels are of two kinds (Fig. 6); the one, comparatively very large, is imbedded in the axis, and disposed in parallel layers; the others are regular and much smaller. They form a net-work of unequal meshes, which occupies the whole thickness of the external crust. This net-work has direct and important connection with the polyps on the one hand, and with the central substance which forms the axis on the other. It communicates directly with the general cavity of the body of the animal, by every channel which approaches it, while the two ranges of net-work approach each other by a great number of anastomosing processes. Such is the vascular arrangement of the coral.

The circulation of alimentary fluids in the coral is accomplished by means of vessels near to the axis, without, however, directly anastomosing with the cavities containing the polyps which live in the polypidom; they only communicate with those cavities by very delicate intermediary canals. The alimentary fluids they receive from the secondary system of net-work, which brings them into direct communication with the polyps. The alimentary fluids elab-

orated by the polyps pass into the branches of the secondary and irregular net-work system, in order to reach the great parallel tubes which extend from one extremity of the organism to the other, serving the same purpose to the whole community.

When the extremity of a branch of living coral is torn or broken, a white liquid immediately flows from the wound, which mingles with water, and presents all the appearance of milk. This is the fluid aliment which has escaped from the vessel containing it, charged with the debris of the organism.

What occurs when the bud produces new polyps? It is only round well-developed ani-



FIG. 6. Circulating Apparatus for the nutritive fluids in the Coral.

mals, and particularly those with branching extremities, in which this phenomenon is produced. The new beings resemble little white points pierced with a central orifice. Aided by the microscope, we discover that this white point is starred by radiating white lines, the edge of the orifice bearing eight distinctly traced indentations. All these organs are enlarged step by step until the young animal has attained the shrub-like or branched aspect which belongs to the compound polypidom. The tube is branching, and the orifices from which the polypi expand become dilated into cup-like cells.

The coral of commerce, so beautiful and so

appreciated by lovers of bijouterie, is the polypidom. It is cylindrical, much channeled on the surface, the lines usually parallel to the axis

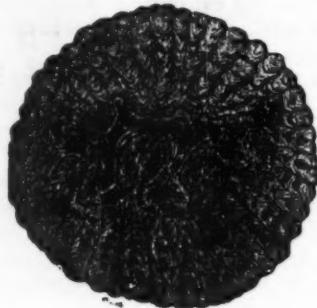


FIG. 7. Section of a Branch of Coral.

of the cylinder, the depressions sometimes corresponding to the body of the animal. If the transverse section of a polypidom be examined, it is found to be regularly festooned on its circumference. Toward its center certain sinuosities appear, sometimes crossing, sometimes trigonal, sometimes in irregular lines, and in the remaining mass are reddish folds alternating with brighter spaces, which radiate from the center toward the circumference,

(Fig. 7). In the section of a very red coral, it will be observed that the color is not equally distributed, but separated into zones more or less deep in color, containing very thin preparations which crack, not irregularly, but parallel to the edge of the plate, and in such a manner as to reproduce the festoons on the circumference. From this it may be deduced that the stem increases by concentric layers being deposited, which mold themselves one upon the other. In the mass of coral certain small corpuscles occur, charged with irregular asperities, much redder than the tissue into which they are plunged. These are much more numerous in the red than in the light band, and they necessarily give more strength to the general tint.

To the mode of reproduction in the coral polyps, so well described by Lacaze-Duthiers, we can only devote a few lines. Sometimes, according to this able observer, the polyps of the same colony are all either male or female, and the branch is *unisexual*; in others, there are both male and female, when the branch is *bisexual*. Finally, but very rarely, polyps are found uniting both sexes.

The coral is viviparous; that is to say, its eggs become embryos inside the polyp. The larvae remain a certain time in the general cav-

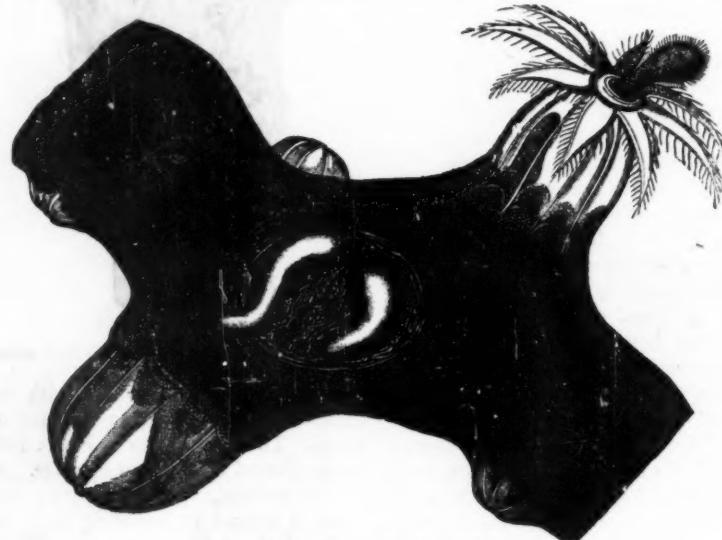


FIG. 8. BIRTH OF THE CORALLINE LARVA.

ity of the polyp, where they can be seen through its transparency, as exhibited in Fig. 8. Aided by the magnifying powers of the microscope, coral larvae may here be perceived through the transparent membranous envelope. From this position they escape from the mouth of the mother in the manner represented in the upper

branch. The animal then resembles a little white grub or worm, more or less elongated. The larva is, however, still egg-shaped or ovoid; moreover, it is sunk in a hollow cavity, and covered with cilia, by the aid of which it can swim. Sometimes one of its extremities becomes enlarged, the other remaining slender

and pointed. Upon this an opening is formed communicating with the interior cavity; this is the mouth. The larvae swim backward; that is to say, with the mouth behind.

It is only at a certain period after birth that the coral polyp fixes itself and commences its metamorphoses, which consist essentially in a change of form and proportions. The buccal extremity is diminished and tapers off, while

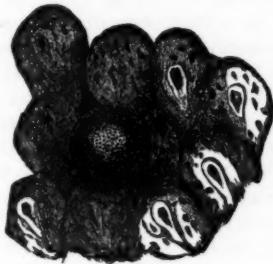


FIG. 9. Very young Polyps, attached to a Bryozoa.

the base swells, and is enlarged—it becomes discoid; the posterior surface of this sort of disk is a plane, the front representing the mouth, at the bottom of a depression edged with a great cushion. Eight mammillations or swellings now appear, corresponding to the chambers which divide the interior of the disk; the worm has taken its radiate form. Finally, the mammals are elongated and transformed into tentacula. In Fig. 9 a young coral polyp is represented fixed upon a bryozoa, a name employed by Ehrenberg for zoophytes having a mouth and anus. It forms a small disk, the fortieth part of an inch in diameter, and having



FIG. 10. A young Coral Polyp fixed upon a Rock.

its spicula already colored red. Fig. 10 shows the successive forms of the young polyps in the progressive phases of their development—being a young coralline polyp fixed upon a rock still contracted. Fig. 11 is a similar coralline attached to a rock and expanding its tentacula. Fig. 12 represents a small pointed rock covered with polypi and polypidoms of the natural size, and of different shapes, but all young, and in-

dicating the definite form of development which the collective beings are to assume.



FIG. 11. Young Coral Polyp attached to a Rock and expanded.

The simple isolated state of the animal, whose phases of development we have indicated, does not last long. It possesses the property of producing new beings, as we have already said, by budding. But how is the polypidom formed? If we take a very young branch, we find in the center of the thickness of the crust a nucleus or stony substance resembling an agglomeration of spicula. When they are sufficient in number and size, these nuclei form a kind of stony plate, which is imbedded in the thickness of the tissues of the

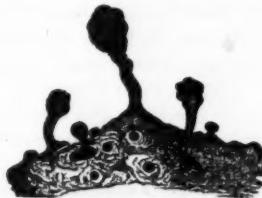


FIG. 12. A Rock covered with young Polyps and Polypidom. animal. These *laminae*, at first quite flat, assume in the course of their development a horseshoe shape. Figs. 13 and 14 will give the reader some idea of the form in which the young present themselves. Fig. 13 represents the corpuscles in which the polypidom has its



FIG. 13. Corpuscles from which originate the Polypidom.



FIG. 14. First form of the Polypidom.

origin; Fig. 14, the rudimentary form of the coralline polypidom.

Our information fails to convey any precise notion of the time necessary for the coral to acquire the various proportions in which it presents itself.

Darwin, who examined some of these creatures very minutely, tells us that "several genera—Flustræ, Escharæ, Cellaria, Cresia, and others—agree in having singular movable organs attached to their cells. The organs in the greater number of cases very closely resemble the head of a vulture; but the lower mandible can be opened much wider than a real bird's beak. The head itself possesses considerable powers of movement, by means of a short neck. In one zoöphyte the head itself was fixed, but the lower jaw free; in another it was replaced by a triangular hood, with a beautifully fitted trap-door, which evidently answered to the lower mandible. In the greater number of species each cell was provided with one head, but in others each cell had two."

"The young cells at the end of the branches of these corallines contain quite immature polypi, yet the vulture heads attached to them, though small, are in every respect perfect. When the polypus was removed by a needle from any of the cells, these organs did not appear to be in the least affected. When one of the vulture-like heads was cut off from a cell, the lower mandible retained its power of opening and closing. Perhaps the most singular part of their structure is, that when there are more than two rows of cells on a branch, the central cells were furnished with these appendages of only one-fourth the size of the outside ones. Their movements varied according to the species; but in some I never saw the least motion, while others, with the lower mandible generally wide open, oscillated backward and forward at the rate of about five seconds each turn; others moved rapidly and by starts. When touched with a needle, the beak generally seized the point so firmly that the whole branch might be shaken."

In the *Cresia*, Darwin observed that each cell was furnished with a long-toothed bristle, which had the power of moving very quickly; each bristle and each vulture-like head moving quite independently of each other; sometimes all on one side, sometimes those on one branch only, moving simultaneously, sometimes one after the other. In these actions we apparently behold as perfect a transmission of will in the zoöphyte, though composed of thousands of distinct polyps, as in any distinct animal. "What can be 'more remarkable,'" he adds,

"than to see a plant-like body producing an egg, capable of swimming about and choosing a proper place to adhere to, where it sprouts out into branches, each crowded with innumerable distinct animals, often of complicated organization!—the branches, moreover, sometimes possessing organs capable of movement independent of the polypi."

Passing to the coral fishing, it may be said to be quite special, presenting no analogy with any other fishing in the European seas, if we except the sponge fisheries. The fishing stations which occur are found on the Italian coast and the coast of Barbary; in short, in most parts of the Mediterranean basin. In all these regions, on abrupt rocky beds, certain aquatic forests occur, composed entirely of the red coral, the most brilliant and the most celebrated of all the corals, *Coralium decus liquidum!* During many ages, as we have seen, the coral was supposed to be a plant. The ancient Greeks called it the *daughter of the sea*—*Κοράλλιον κόρη δλός*—which the Latins translated into *corallium* or *coralum*. It is now agreed among naturalists that the coral is constructed by a family of polyps living together, and composing a polypidom. It abounds in the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, where it is found at various depths, but rarely less than five fathoms, or more than a hundred and fifty. Each polypidom resembles a pretty red leafless under-shrub bearing delicate little star-like radiating white flowers. The axes of this little tree are the parts common to the association, the flowerets are the polypi. These axes present a soft reticulated crust, full of little cavities, which are the cells of the polyps, and are permeated by a milky juice. Beneath the crust is the coral, properly so called, which equals marble in hardness, and is remarkable for its striped surface, its bright red color, and the fine polish of which it is susceptible. The ancients believed that it was soft in the water, and only took its consistency when exposed to the air:

"Sic et coralium, quo primum contigit auras
Tempore, durexit." OVID.

The fishing is chiefly conducted by sailors from Genoa, Leghorn, and Naples, and it is so fatiguing, that it is a common saying in Italy that a sailor obliged to go to the coral fishery should be a thief or an assassin. The saying is a gratuitous insult to the sailor, but conveys a good idea enough of the occupation.

A MEMORY without blot or contamination must be an exquisite treasure—an inexhaustible source of pure refreshment.

GOD'S CHARITY SERMON.

'T WAS a morning in May, like a noon in July:
No sound, save the chimes in the church-tower on high
And the pastor's slow tread down the nave—
As he walked with bowed head, and a look in his eye
That said, "Thus the Sabbaths of harvest go by,
But no sheaves for my toil may I have."
In the heat of the day—in the dew and the rain
I spend and am spent, but 't is vain, all in vain!
From the deep-cushioned pews came a rustle and
gleam,
For beauty and pride blended there like a dream,
And 'neath it was pulsing a Pharisee's heart.
Little wonder the pastor turned leaf after leaf
Till the Master's own words, full of scorn yet of grief,
Fell with burning that caused the seared conscience
to start—
"Ye hypocrites! held by the serpent's old spell,
How can ye escape the damnation of hell!"
Cheeks grew ashen, but pride lifted calmly their forms;
See the sepulcher's whiting, unwashed by the storms,
Defying the terrible thunders of heaven.
There came peal after peal of stern, with'ring rebuke;
Then the old, gray-haired pastor closed sadly the
book
And sighed, for no heed to his words had they given;
So he silently prayed, and the burden of prayer,
Though voiceless, yet throbbed through the hot,
slumb'rous air.
By the stillness surprised into shimmering sheen,
An ocean of silks and of gems might be seen,
When lo! in their midst stood the answer to prayer;
For with wide, wond'ring eyes came a barefooted child
Through the aisles to the altar, where, resting, it
smiled,
And laid its bright head on the soft, cushioned stair.
God's own presence was claimed. He had sent in his
place
A poor drunkard's pale child, with its innocent face.
There was many a tear dashed from eyes that ne'er
wept,
Save, it might be, at thought of the cherub that slept,
And was laid 'neath the marble's cold shade in
life's morn.
'T was a tremulous voice, and a white face upraised
As the pastor said slowly, "Jehovah be praised
That unto our lives little children are born,
For what, to our wisdom and prudence, is sealed
As it seemeth God good, unto babes is revealed."
And the old drunkard's child, with the deep, wistful
eyes,
Started up in a sweet and a fearless surprise,
As over her, weeping, the good pastor bent;
In her soft, tiny hand fell his tears, which she pressed,
'Mong the bright, woven hearts of the buds she
caressed,
Then smiling again, into dream-land she went.
O, none could forget, how'er much had they striven,
The sweet words, "For of such is the kingdom of
heaven!"

The deep fire of God's love touched the old pastor's
lips;
Inspiration flowed out from his warmed finger tips,
Till strong men in their pride bowed as children
would bow,
Into tears of humility caste seemed to melt,
And the once frozen hearts a rare tenderness felt;
They were brothers, alike to the high and the low.
To their homes they went down with their old pride
forgiven,
And that Church was not far from the kingdom of
heaven.

THE CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

I LEANED upon a burial urn,
And thought how life is bat a day,
And how the nations each in turn
Have lived and passed away.
The earth is peopled with the dead,
Who live again in deathless hosts,
And come and go with noiseless tread—
A universe of ghosts.
They follow after flying ships,
They flicker through the city's marts,
They hear the cry of human lips—
The beat of human hearts.
They linger not around their tombs,
But far from church-yards keep aloof,
To dwell in old, familiar rooms
Beneath the household roof.
They waken men at morning light,
They cheer them in their daily care,
They bring a weary world at night
To bend the knee in prayer.
Their errand is of God assigned
To comfort sorrow till it cease,
And in the dark and troubled mind
To light the lamp of peace.
There is a language, whispered low,
Whereby to mortal ears they speak,
To which we answer by a glow
That kindles in the cheek.
O, what a wondrous life is theirs!
To fling away the mortal frame,
Yet keep the human loves, and cares,
And yearnings still the same!
O, what a wondrous life is ours!
To dwell within this earthly range,
Yet parley with the heavenly powers—
Two worlds in interchange!
O, balm of grief!—to understand
That whom our eyes behold no more
Still clasp us with as true a hand
As in the flesh before!
So, turning from the burial urn,
I thought how life was double worth,
If men be only wise to learn
That heaven is on the earth.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF LUTHER.

N the commencement of the sixteenth century lived at the fine fortress of Erbach, in the near Odenwald, a very honorable and noble knight, Eberhard von Erbach. But most prominent in his character was his almost fanatical piety, and he had no remonstrance to utter when the people called him the most faithful son of the Church. To serve his Lord and Savior with his all, even with his blood, seemed to him the most noble aim of life, and he had his good sword dedicated to the service of the Holy Virgin.

It was in the Spring, in the year of 1518, at a late hour, when the pious Knight von Erbach, with many of his retainers, halted before the hotel "Zum Riesen," in Miltenberg, and expressed his desire to the hotel-keeper to stay over night. Yet he entered with only one of his servants into the hotel; the rest of them he sent off with short and strict commands.

He demanded from the host a room, took his evening meal silently, went early to bed and sank deep in thought, which sometimes would come to utterance, showing the excited state of his mind. Just intending to say his evening prayer, he heard through the thin wooden wall that separated him from the next room, a powerful song from a rich baritone voice. It was a holy evening hymn. The knight understood every word of the hymn; and the pious, God-inspired content of the same, the beautiful melody, the expressive execution, and the masterly accompaniment on the guitar, delighted and exalted the knight more and more. He crossed himself and folded his hands, and when the pious singer had finished a stanza, he would fall in with a subdued "Amen!" When the singer had finished the hymn, he added a short, powerful prayer, in which he recommended himself and all good men to the Holy Trinity, and concluded with the prayer that God may open the hearts of hardened sinners and erring men to the rays of his charity.

The knight murmurs his "Amen! Amen!" and feels himself exalted and inspired as he had not been for a long time, and he falls asleep with blessed feelings. With the first ray of the morning sun he is awakened by the sounds of the guitar, and a lively hymn from his neighbor. O, how much was this song of thanks to the Creator of the universe pervaded with the breath of piety and true love of God! Involuntarily the knight folds his hands, a soft sensation comes over him, and repeats after each stanza, "Amen! Amen!" And when the song ended,

he crosses himself piously, and rises to make inquiries from the host.

"Who is my neighbor upstairs, that delighted and refreshed me so much with his singing and praying?"

"It is a priest, your Highness, of middle age, and noble and venerable appearance, whose name I do not know; he arrived yesterday evening shortly before you, in a very modest one-horse carriage, and intends soon to continue his journey; he has paid his bill and already ordered his horse."

"Go and tell him that I wish to thank him personally and verbally for the delight he has given me by his beautiful songs of last night and this morning; ask him to give me an interview for a few minutes only, as I am likewise in great haste to get away on important matters. But tell him I must shake hands with him by all means."

The knight followed the host and took the door-latch out of his hand. The pious singer stood before the good knight and responded to his friendly greeting with the like heartiness. He was a man of about thirty-five years, of middle size, but strongly built in body; his countenance was not what you call handsome, but imposing, showing mildness, and yet strength and decision. His large blue eye was very lively and intelligent, his auburn hair lay around his high forehead and the strong powerful neck. His mouth seemed to speak before it opened. The whole figure heightened the impression which the Knight von Erbach had already received by his singing, so that he felt at once at home with him.

"I come, venerable father, to give you my heart-felt thanks for the enjoyment you have given me," said the knight; "and although I was told by the host that you are in haste to continue your journey, and although I am in haste myself, yet I must pray you to sing me another such hymn. My soul is thirsty for the spring of life that flows from yours."

He took his guitar and accompanied a hymn. It was a hymn of such exalted beauty of faith, that it did not miss its effect on the excited soul of the pious knight. There he sat with folded hands, occasionally lisping, "Amen! Amen!" while tears were running down his cheeks. When the stranger had finished his song, the knight, overcome by emotion, stretched his hands out to him, and both men, with closed hands, looking at each other, formed a higher union of souls, without words. Then the knight said, "Your beautiful hymn puts a question in my mind: what do you think of the teachings of St. Augustine, that by our confession, works,

and repentance, we can not be delivered from our sins, but only by the sacrifice of the blood of Jesus Christ, since human nature has been depraved and unfitted for doing good, by the fall of Adam?"

The priest listened, and sweetly smiling, answered, "Truly, it seems to me that besides your pious faith, you have a good deal of theology in your body, and therefore I may talk with you as with one of my own profession." The knight nodded his head, and the priest began with remarkable oratory to speak of the Fathers of the Church, and in particular of the merits of St. Augustine. He honored at the same time the opinions and views of adversaries, but took a firm stand for Augustine, whom he considered next to St. Paul, the greatest prince of the Church, and the strongest pillar of pure faith. At times the knight opposed him or asked a question, which caused the speaker to bring forth more and new arguments.

Unnoticed by both, time had moved on—several hours had passed—then a knock at the door, and the host entered, asking if he should give orders to unharness the horses again; the servants, of knight and priest, were anxious and uneasy, as they full well knew that both gentlemen had intended a quick departure.

"Good father," said the knight, rising, "you have made me forget my duty with your pleasing talk, a talk such as I never heard before from a minister, and yet I have to do a pious and God-pleasing work which will, I am sure, have your approval."

"Then I may know what important work you have to do, Knight von Erbach?"

"Certainly. And you must give me your blessing, so that it may be successful for the glory of God and holy mother Church."

"Then tell."

"I have turned out with my retainers, and they have already taken possession of the route to Wertheim, where soon I will join them, to make the capture of a heretic, a blasphemer, a roast for the devil, who, as I have been informed, is surely coming that way."

"Whom do you mean?" attentively asked the stranger.

"The impudent Augustine monk from Wittenberg, who, last Autumn, lifted his blasphemous voice and hand against mother Church, and who scorned and trampled under foot her holiest laws. He will travel to Heidelberg."

"You mean Dr. Martin Luther?"

"None other than this foul, black sheep of the faithful flock, who has given so much trouble and disturbance in the empire."

"And what do you intend to do with the

Wittenberger monk after you have caught him?"

"I will incarcerate him in my strong tower, and my servants shall torture him until the devil is driven out, and he returns a repentant sinner to the cross of Christ."

"And what if he does not change at your desire, but continues to stand by his conviction of truth?"

"Do you think that I have spent a large sum for nothing, to get well informed as to his journey to Heidelberg? He shall not fall into my trap without his paying for it. If he does not heed my well-meant advice, and remains obstinate, then I, with my retainers, will transport him to Rome, to deliver him to the Holy Father, who will burn him alive, so that he may have a foretaste of hell fire, which awaits all blasphemers. I must go, though not without your blessing, and not without knowing your name, venerable father. You are one of the most pious, learned, and God-inspired sons of mother Church whom I ever met with."

"I will fulfill your desire. You need not trouble yourself much longer; the man you want to capture stands before you. I am Martin Luther."

The knight stood like a statue; only his wide-opened, staring eyes showed he was yet alive. He was unable to speak; even his thoughts seemed to have left him.

Dr. Luther continued, smiling, "You see I am in your power. If you really want to throw into your prison a harmless traveler who confided in public surely, because he does not believe in the power of absolution of sin by the Pope, as you do, and without having heard his arguments, then you may send for your armed servants and take me prisoner. I have no arms but the living Word."

"Not so," answered ashamed von Erbach. "I have heard you, and I want to hear more. We are in no hurry now, and we will send the horses into the stable. I will send my servant out to recall the others. It is a wonderful ordination of God that you arrived yesterday, while I expected you to-day. Let us sit down; I am anxious to hear more from you. But before you explain what you have against the Pope and the absolution of sin by the priests, come and sing me another hymn, so as to get my soul into the proper frame. If you know a song of praise to the holy Augustine, then sing that."

Luther took his guitar, and after a prelude, praised in powerful word and song the great African prince of the Church. Then he commenced to talk. He was in an uncommonly

exalted state of mind, and probably never before did speech flow from his lips more beautifully and convincingly. The knight's eyes glistened, his hands were folded across his chest, and, occasionally acknowledging, he would nod his head. Hour after hour passed, and neither speaker nor hearer heeded it, until the host entered the room, reporting that all the servants had returned and were awaiting orders from their lord; and also that the little one-horse carriage was awaiting the priest.

"Now then, in the name of God, come with me, Dr. Martin Luther," said the knight, deeply moved. "You have convinced and converted me completely, and God has enlightened my heart with your clear, reasonable, and hearty speech. Come with me to my castle Erbach. And see, so wonderfully has God ordained it, that I, who intended to carry you there as a prisoner, return as your prisoner to my own strong home, which, through you, is changed into a house of love and true fear of God. I bless your hand which has removed the bandage from my spiritual eyes, and put on the chains of the pure and true faith. Take your prisoner to his wife, that she may be blessed with the same grace through you."

And the enlightened knight took the fearless knight of the Savior by the hand, led him down and helped him into the little modest carriage, which the servants surrounded, while he was riding at the side of the doctor.

So, chatting cheerily, they moved through the verdant valley into the green mountains of the Odenwald, to the neat little town of Erbach, and toward its stately castle. The knight had sent a servant ahead to announce their arrival. And when they came near the little town, suddenly all the bells chimed, and the school-master came along with the little children of the town, singing, "Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord." And the music band of the town played lively airs.

To the highly astonished lady of the castle, who awaited them at the gate, her lord and husband said, "Here he is. But we have changed places. He is the capturer, I am the prisoner. As a Saul I went out to do him harm; as a Paul I return, converted by him. And, for this, God be praised forever! Amen!"

IN the long run, that Christian will come out well who works cheerfully, hopefully, heartily, without wasting his energies upon vain regrets and passionate murmurings. The bird sings in the storm; why may not the child of God rejoice too, even though passing clouds lower?

WHAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE?

THE daily papers, not a great while since, contained an account of an unusually sad case of suicide. It was that of Miss Laura S., an orphan girl of about twenty-one years of age, and a native of St. Mary's county, Maryland. During the last year of her life she resided with a married sister in South Washington, where she was esteemed as a young woman of great sweetness of temper, and admired because of her rare personal charms. Indeed, she was accounted by many as the most beautiful woman in that part of the city, if not in the whole District of Columbia. She does not appear to have been a vain, frivolous, or specially worldly-minded woman. On the other hand, from all we can learn, she was amiable, affectionate, and forgiving. The fatal defect in her character was a common one—the want of the energy and inspiration of an elevated aim. She had not been educated to live for a sufficiently worthy object. She knew nothing of the overcoming power of high and holy endeavor.

Drifting, as multitudes do, on the current of society, and waiting, as so many young ladies are waiting, simply to catch a lover, this young woman at length received and accepted an eligible offer of marriage. Having committed herself, woman-like, she committed herself fully. Having ventured to love, she loved with all her heart—utterly without suspicion or reserve. A woman of this order naturally lives simply in her love. She has nothing else to think of or to live for. Knowing nothing of the inspiration of a sanctified ambition, or a holy purpose, she is evidently entirely at the mercy of those circumstances, always more or less fluctuating, that are to determine the history and issue of her affection. If these continue favorable, well. Should they prove adverse, she is utterly and hopelessly swept away.

Unfortunately, as is often the case, the current of this woman's true love did not run smooth. The young man, to whom she was engaged, was by no means exemplary in his relations to and associations with other women. Rumors to this effect came to the ears of the elder sister, who strove diligently to keep the unwelcome tidings from Laura, fearing the consequences of the same upon her health and spirits. At length, however, her lover himself puts in an appearance. The nature of the purpose of his visit may be inferred from the fact that, immediately after his departure, the engagement ring was missed from poor Laura's finger. Her countenance, moreover, erewhile

blithe and gay, was now mournfully sad. She seems to have lost all interest in worldly affairs. Her appetite fails. She refuses to taste food. She communicates with no one. She banishes herself for the most part to her room. Finally, on a Monday, after having assisted her sister in some household duties, she retired to her room never to leave it again alive. Mrs. P., her sister, called her several times during the day and evening to come down and take something to eat, but she declined. About 9 o'clock Monday evening the devoted and anxious sister took some supper to her room and tried hard to induce her to eat, but she still declined, saying she would perhaps feel better in the morning. At about 11½ o'clock a brother, Mr. Maurice S., a conductor on the street cars, arrived home and, on reaching the head of the stairs near her room, heard her groan. Calling to her and receiving no answer, he called to others of the family, and going into her room they found her in a stupor. Dr. H. was sent for, and did all he could to restore her to consciousness, but without success, as death ensued about 12½ o'clock. An empty two-ounce vial, labeled "laudanum; poison," from Dr. Roland's drug-store, was found in the bed, and at the head, between the mattress and pillow, a goblet was found, discolored by the drug. There was also found in the bed a small box, directed to Joseph A., Great Mill, St. Mary's county, Maryland, in which were a locket and three small shirt-bosom studs, and the following note:

"*My Darling*,—I can not live away from you any longer. The world is so cold and dreary without you; and I have reason to believe, darling, that you are false. Your heart-broken

"LAURA."

The above note is sufficiently affecting; but while it very clearly indicates the natural kindness of the writer's heart, it also, with equal clearness, betrays an utter want of a noble, womanly, courageous, Christian purpose. Indeed, the completeness with which she had succumbed to her disappointment, and the deliberation with which she premeditated this awful crime of self-murder, is indicated by the following note addressed to her sister:

"*My Dear Sister*,—I only wish there was some way I could repay you for your kindness to me since I have been with you, but you will be rewarded for it in the next world.

"Your attached sister, LAURA.

"Please send the box by the first opportunity. . . . Give my prayer-book to Carrie. Tell her that it is all that I had to leave her for a keepsake. [Here follow three lines obliterated by pencil.] Mollie, please do n't let the doc-

tors touch me. If I had wanted to live I would not have taken the laudanum.

"Your devoted sister."

Not many months ago there died in the city of New York a maiden queen of poesy. It had seemed to many impossible that she should have carried her tender and passionate heart through the social and literary thoroughfares wherein she was called to tread, un pierced by any amorous shaft. And it was, indeed, impossible. There was a secret page in the history of the deceased poetess never written, and but seldom, and in the most guarded terms, even alluded to.

When this beloved and now distinguished authoress* was young, she made a pilgrimage from the West, her home, to that great Eastern literary Mecca, New York city. Here she was introduced to a gentleman about five years her senior—a prominent *littérateur*, journalist and author. Being the editor of one of the then most popular and fashionable monthlies, and being withal very well acquainted both with the literary market and the publishers of the metropolis, he was abundantly capable of rendering substantial aid to the aspiring but as yet unsophisticated young writer. He gave her space in his own columns, flattered her, encouraged her hopes, and assisted her in finding a market for her wares. In the mean time, as was by no means unnatural under the circumstances, acquaintance ripened into friendship, friendship into intimacy, and intimacy into love. And it was said at last that the parties were solemnly affianced. This was nearly twenty years ago. The fair Alice had then passed thirty. He, being still older, would seem to have passed the bounds of juvenile folly, if those bounds are ever passed by man. But no. Educated, though he had been, a Baptist minister, he had now become a thoroughly *blasé* citizen of the world, and as such was really incapable of fully appreciating the quiet, retired, sensitive, domestic, unassuming, and gifted woman he had won. And so trouble came between them after a while in the form of a woman of society, externally more attractive than the gentle Alice—a trouble which finally ended in their separation. The engagement was broken, and each went his way—the one to bask in the smiles of his new-found idol, the other to do the best she could with her broken heart. And what did she do? Betake herself incontinently to the laudanum bottle? Not at all. She was a Christian, and as such she had a purpose, and

* She was once a contributor to this magazine.

that purpose saved her. As the true woman that she was, she had a laudable, a holy ambition, and that ambition, besides occupying her thoughts, helped her to survive her disappointment, by the genial, healing influences which aspirations of duty, and a generous, disinterested purpose never fail to superinduce in the soul. At first concealing, and then, through assiduous devotion to the great purpose of her life, rising superior to her sorrows, she proceeded to carve for herself a name and fame which her countrymen will not soon let die. Nay, so complete was her victory that she not only rolled over the mouth of the sepulcher of her sad experience the stone never by herself to be removed, but, woman-like, freely forgave the heartless wretch who had so basely deceived her.

Several years had passed away. In 1857 the man who had won and cast from him the heart of one of the truest and noblest of women lay dying of a lingering disease in the metropolis in poverty and alone. His literary ventures had brought inadequate remuneration, and he had lived a life which it was not altogether pleasant to look back upon. Meantime the heroine of this sketch had made many friends and had been reasonably blessed by fortune. The injured woman forgot her wrongs and forgave the past with a readiness characteristic of her sex. She came again to the bedside of the man who had so grievously deceived her, and watched with him day after day and week after week as life slowly ebbed away. The sick-room was made cheerful with books, flowers, and all necessary comforts; and, to defray the necessary expenses, the money earned by days and nights of labor with the pen was freely lavished. At last death ended the sufferings of the false lover, and the grave closed over the secret of a woman's sorrow, never made public until she had folded her hands in death.

What makes the difference?

A GIANT CUTTLE-FISH.

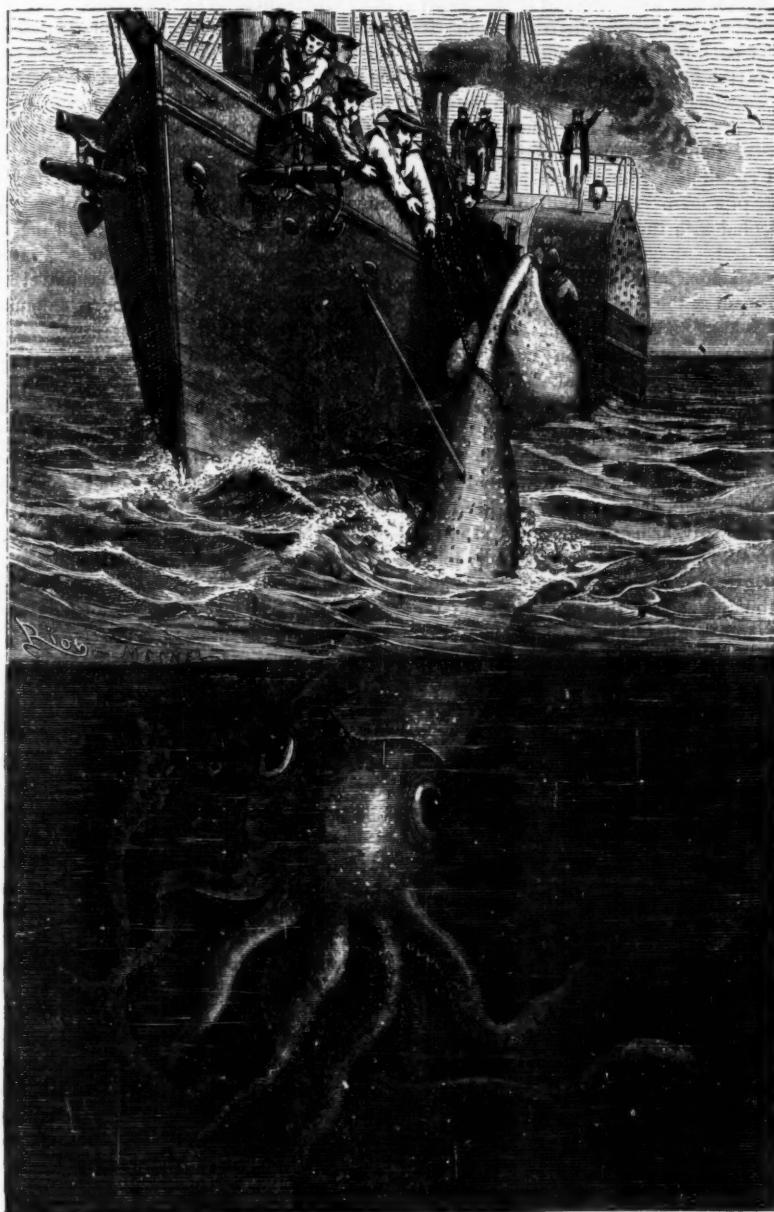
IT is no easy task to separate the real from the fabulous history of the Cephalopods. Aristotle and Pliny have alike assisted, by their marvelous relations, to throw that halo of wonder round it which the light of modern science has not altogether dispelled. Pliny the Ancient relates the history of an enormous cuttle-fish which haunted the coast of Spain, and destroyed the fishing-grounds. He adds that this gigantic creature was finally taken, that its body weighed seven hundred pounds,

and that its arms were ten yards in length. Its head came by right to Lucullus, to whose gastronomical privileges be all honor. It was so large, says Pliny, that it filled fifteen amphorae, and weighed seven hundred pounds also.

Some naturalist of the Renaissance, such as Olaus Magnus and Denis de Montfort, gave credit—which they are scarcely justified in doing—to the assertions of certain writers of the north of Europe, who believed seriously in the existence of a sea-monster of prodigious size which haunted the northern seas. This monster has received the name of the *Kraken*. The Kraken was long the terror of these seas; it arrested ships in spite of the action of the winds, sails, and oars, often causing them to founder at sea, while the cause of shipwreck remained unsuspected. Denis de Montfort gives a description and representation of this Kraken, which he calls the *Colossal Poulpe*, in which the creature is made to embrace a three-masted ship in its vast arms. Delighted with the success which his representation met with, Denis laughed at the credulity of his contemporaries. "If my Kraken takes with them," he said, "I shall make it extend its arms to both shores of the Straits of Gibraltar." To another learned friend he said, "If my entangled ship is accepted, I shall make my Poulpe overthrow a whole fleet."

Among those who admitted the facetious history of the Kraken without a smile, there was at least one holy bishop who was, moreover, something of a naturalist. Pontoppidan, Bishop of Bergen, in Norway, in one of his books assures us that a whole regiment of soldiers could easily maneuver on the back of the Kraken, which he compares to a floating island. "Similior insulae quam bestiae," wrote the good Bishop of Bergen. In the first edition of his "System of Nature," Linnaeus himself admits the existence of this Colossus of the seas, which he calls *Sepias microcosmos*. Better informed in the following edition, he erased the Kraken from his catalogue.

The statements of Pliny respecting the *Colossal Poulpe*, like those of Montfort about the Kraken, are evidently fabulous. It is, however, an undisputed fact that there exists in the Mediterranean and other seas cuttle-fish—a congenerous animal—of considerable size. A calmar has been caught in our own time, near Nice, which weighed upward of thirty pounds. In the same neighborhood some fishermen caught, twenty years ago, an individual of the same genus nearly six feet long, which is preserved in the Museum of Natural History at Montpellier. Péron, the naturalist, met in the



GIGANTIC CUTTLE-FISH CAUGHT BY THE FRENCH CORVETTE ALECTON, NEAR TENERIFFE.

Australian seas a cuttle-fish nearly eight feet long. Travelers Quoy and Gaimard picked up in the Atlantic Ocean, near the Equator, the skeleton of a monstrous mollusk, which, according to their calculations, must have weighed two hundred pounds. M. Rung met, in the middle of the ocean, a mollusk with short arms,

and of a reddish color, the body of which, according to this naturalist, was as large as a tun cask. One of the mandibles of this creature, still preserved in the Museum of the College of Surgeons, is larger than a hand.

In 1853 a gigantic Cephalopod was stranded on the coast of Jutland. The body of this

monster, which was dismembered by the fishermen, furnished many wheelbarrow loads, its pharynx, or back part of the mouth, alone being as large as the head of an infant. Dr. Steenstrup, of Copenhagen, who published a description of this creature under the name of *Architeuthis dux*, shows a portion of the arm of another Cephalopod, which is as large as the thigh-bone of a man. But a well-authenticated fact connected with these gigantic Cephalopods is related by Lieutenant Bayer, of the French corvette Alecton, and M. Sabin Berthelot, French Consul at the Canary Islands, by whom the report is made to the Académie des Sciences.

The steam-corvette Alecton was between Teneriffe and Madeira when she fell in with a gigantic calamary, not less—according to the account—than fifteen mètres (fifty feet) long, without reckoning its eight formidable arms, covered with suckers, and about twenty feet in circumference at its largest part, the head terminating in many arms of enormous size, the other extremity terminating in two fleshy lobes or fins of great size, the weight of the whole being estimated at four thousand pounds; the flesh was soft, glutinous, and of reddish-brick color.

The commandant, wishing in the interests of science to secure the monster, actually engaged it in battle. Numerous shots were aimed at it, but the balls traversed its flaccid and glutinous mass without causing it any vital injury. But after one of these attacks the waves were observed to be covered with foam and blood, and, singular thing, a strong odor of musk was inhaled by the spectators. This musk odor is peculiar to many of the Cephalopods.

The musket-shots not having produced the desired results, harpoons were employed, but they took no hold on the soft impalpable flesh of the marine monster. When it escaped from the harpoon it dived under the ship, and came up again at the other side. They succeeded at last in getting the harpoon to bite, and in passing a bowline hitch round the posterior part of the animal. But when they attempted to hoist it out of the water the rope penetrated deeply into the flesh, and separated it into two parts, the head with the arms and tentacles dropping into the sea and making off, while the fins and posterior parts were brought on board: they weighed about forty pounds.

The crew were eager to pursue, and would have launched a boat, but the commander refused, fearing that the animal might capsize it. The object was not, in his opinion, one in which he could risk the lives of his crew. Our illustration is copied from M. Berthelot's col-

ored representation of this scene. "It is probable," M. Moquin Tandon remarks, commenting on M. Berthelot's recital, "that this colossal mollusk was sick or exhausted by some recent struggle with some other monster of the deep, which would account for its having quitted its native rocks in the depths of the ocean. Otherwise it would have been more active in its movements, or it would have obscured the waves with the inky liquid which all the Cephalopods have at command. Judging from its size, it would carry at least a barrel of this black liquid, if it had not been exhausted in some recent struggle."

"Is this mollusk a calmar?" asks the same writer. "If we might judge from the figure drawn by one of the officers of the Alecton during the struggle, and communicated by M. Berthelot, the animal had terminal fins, like the calmars; but it has eight equal arms, like the cuttle-fish. Now the calmars have ten, two of them being very long. Was this some intermediate species between the two? Or must we admit, with MM. Crosse and Fisher, that the animal had lost its more formidable tentacles in some recent combat?"

ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

CIVILIZATION is commonly considered antagonistic to the development of man's poetic nature, and a rude semi-barbarous state of society is considered favorable to such development; but this can not, in the fullest sense, be true, for the greatest triumphs of song have been achieved as well in ages of learning and enlightenment as those of rude and unartificial manners. The genial face of Chaucer smiles out from the dark mists of the fourteenth century; the "Divine Comedy" of Dante was a "medieval" miracle of song; Homer sang the deadly wrath of Achilles amid the darkness of prehistoric barbarism; but we must not forget that Virgil basked in all the splendors of the Augustine age, that Tasso shed new luster on Italian letters, when learning had been fully restored from its eclipse of a thousand years, and that however unappreciative, it was yet an age of extensive erudition and prolific literature, before which Milton strode so far as to "dwarf himself by distance." Thus, it is evident that the muse has been able to plume her wing with feathers as bright, and soar to as lofty a pitch, whether cultivated nations or barbarians were spectators.

But it is undeniable that the artificial life, and established institutions of maturer nations,

are in a degree hostile, and that the untamed freedom and lawlessness of ruder nations are in a degree friendly to the exercise of imagination. Civilization softens, restrains, and regulates the operations of mind and heart; barbarism frees from every fetter the conception of fancy, and gives loose rein to every passion. In so far, then, as poetry is the utterance of untamed passion, and the spontaneous embodiment of thought in melodious form, is a primitive state of society adapted to the harmonies of the lyre. But it is not the smooth conventionalities of modern life, or the rough freedom of earlier times which render the one a damper, and the other an inspirer of the poetic flame, but only so far as earthly culture tends to bind us to the ordinary, the trivial, the practical, and only so far as rudeness tends to free the spirit from every shackle, does the former retard, and the latter accelerate the stream of poesy. The life of the barbarian with its unexpected turns of fortune, and its wild romantic adventures, is the rugged mountain with its sinuous ravines, its sharp rocks, and its yawning precipices, through which the tide of song roars, foams, and plunges in an impetuous torrent, while civilized life, with its tame commonplaceness and unromantic security, with nevertheless many of the best and pleasantest fruits of existence, is the fertile plain through which it winds in a placid and majestic river. Poetry is the antipodes of the material and sensual, and only in so much as our habits of life tend to strengthen the hold of materialism and sensuality upon us are they prejudicial to poetic sentiment.

We can only behold the muse when, either with the simplicity and vague feelings of a child, or with the understanding and refined sensibility of a cultivated man, we retire from the actual world into her shrine. She will never show herself to us when engaged in the business and bustle of the world, but only in the hours devoted to the purer pleasures of meditation. We shall never see her under the noontide glare of our every-day practical knowledge, out in the fields of labor where we are gathering harvests that grow from the earth, but only when, like Isaac, we wander forth in the even-tide of cessation from earthly toil, beneath skies lit with the lofty starlight of great thoughts. Thus it is manifest that material prosperity and poetic excellence by no means coincide, for later ages, with all their boasted advancement and intelligence, have been unable, in any art except that of music, perhaps, to excel the achievements of antiquity. The song of Homer has never been surpassed, and the bards of the Bible,

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aside from their divine inspiration, were men of transcendent genius. The modern world, in bringing forth a Titian, a Raphael, a Michael Angelo, has scarcely produced rivals to the Zeuxis, the Parrhasius, and the Apelles of Greece. The earth now bears few such splendid burdens as the Parthenon, the Baalbec temple of the sun, and the hundred-gated city of Egypt. Yet there has been progress, wonderful progress, but it has lain in totally different directions. Theoretical and material science, particularly the latter, have received wonderful additions, but the chief glory of humanity has been the dissemination more than the increase of knowledge. Through the ages has been working a mighty principle of equalization. Time is a great leveler, not that leveler who would make men equal by lowering the great, but one who accomplishes a far more difficult and glorious task in exalting the humble. The whole tendency of civilization and Christianity has been to make a man *a man*—to free millions from servile subjection to a single imperfect and capricious human being, and to bind their allegiance to their God and themselves alone. Hundreds of thousands no longer toil a lifetime to lift in air the pleasure gardens of a vicious and despotic woman, nor waste their sinews in piling mountains to enshrine worthless monarchs, but every man is left free to construct the lovelier pleasure gardens of virtue, and to build for himself an imperishable pyramid of good deeds.

Nor have we the slightest reason to envy the ancient world its manifold splendors, for while it possessed all that could pamper and minister to the delight of the senses, it was supremely miserable, not possessing that true well-spring of happiness, the religion of Christ; and all her boasted philosophy, to which she turned as to the panacea of all evils—as to a fountain of Nepenthe—was yet but a brackish torrent, for it sent forth “at the same place sweet waters and bitter.”

Nor must we forget that all her wonderful works of art, which undoubtedly might confer exquisite pleasure upon the virtuous spirit, were many of them the fruits of rapacity and extortion, built with gold into which the “Midas-finger” of avarice had converted the blood and sinews of men. The ages have not brought art to a higher degree of perfection, but they have been refining the universal race of man.

There is another remarkable feature of human civilization; it proceeds westward. The intelligent and enlightened nations of the earth inhabit Western Europe and America, while the Eastern nations are lost in voluptuous sloth and

degradation. This state of things has been brought about by a regular series of changes in the focal point of learning. In prehistoric times the arts were throned in Egypt, afterward in Greece, then in Rome, again in the various Italian States; upon the revival of letters in the latter part of the sixteenth century, they made England their chosen abode, afterward France, still later Germany, and they now bid fair to make our own republic the earth's proudest temple to the beautiful, as well as its purest shrine of freedom.

While learning has thus been progressing westward, three thousand years have in no respect altered the semi-barbaric splendor and wide-prevailing degradation of the Orient, for even in the fashions of dress there has been no change, and Eastern society is to-day the embodiment of Biblical description. But such a state of society is by no means unfavorable to the poet's brightest dreams. It is true that

"Westward the star of empire takes its way,"

but it is the star of man's empire over matter, while there is a star that sheds a heavenly light on the dark billows of human existence that still shines with superior brilliancy above the cradle of mankind in the gorgeous Orient.

"Eastward roll the orbs of heaven,
Westward tend the thoughts of men;
Let the poet, nature-driven,
Wander eastward now and then."

While, then, the East is, and ever has been the lurking-place of the vilest despotism, of titles and immunities for the few, and of servitude and wretchedness for the million, here, nevertheless, have arisen poets of the most dazzling genius, for Montanebbi, Dschelaleddin, Hafiz, Kaladassa, and Firdousi, scarce pale the luster of their great names beside the brightest of those who have hung their golden lamps of song, ever burning with the fragrant oil of poesy, in the proud temple of the Occident.

No fact is more clearly apparent in the history of literature, than that poets exhibit in their works precisely the features of the countries in which they dwell. In Homer and the Greeks all is simple, natural, vivacious; in the Italians crystalline, gorgeous, picturesque; in Spenser, the British Tasso, none the less life-like and distinct, but the colors subdued and overcast with the soft mists of his own nebulous England; in Ossian, the Homer of the North, all is savage, gloomy, desolate; but when the Persian poet writes he dips his pen in the rainbow, and the manuscript that glides from beneath his hand is a picture.

Since thus the poet's imagination, with its

delicate adjustment of magical mirrors, changes, like a kaleidoscope, into a thousand ever-varying images of loveliness, the scattered bits and fragments of beauty which nature has still kept to remind us of heaven, we should naturally infer that these great high-priests of the beautiful could only be nourished in the loveliest spots of earth; nor does history fail to corroborate this supposition.

We do not know the birth-place of Homer, but in Greece it could scarcely fail to be beautiful, and that his early years were familiarized with all the grand and imposing aspects of nature, the many melodious murmurs of the ocean, in his resounding numbers, bear ample testimony; all the beauties of Florence and Valdarno shed rainbow tints on the youthful mind of Dante, and taught him to contrast his pictures of infernal torment with such gorgeous visions as the terrestrial paradise and the first appearance of Beatrice; the bay of Naples and its almost heavenly scenery trained the imagination of Tasso to the conception and portrayal of Armida's garden, a focus of natural and artistic beauties which none but Milton could make brighter. The birth-place of Shakespeare was a district of luxuriant pastures and stately parks; and Scotland has not wasted all the fairy-like beauty of her mountains and lakes, for amid them have arisen Ossian, the sublime and tender; Burns, the sweet and graceful; Scott, the chivalrous and romantic.

What traits of thought shall we then expect to characterize the poetry of those bright Oriental lands, clad with the luxuriance of tropical growth, scorched into flaming deserts, ridged with earth's loftiest mountains? There will surely be the same boundless prodigality, the same intensity and fire, the same towering sublimity. And precisely these traits do we find, for the literature reflects the geographical features of those regions, not only in respect to their beauties, but in respect to their faults. Oriental poetry is a tropical wilderness, where the energies of mind shoot into an illimitable flowering forest of promiscuous beauty and deformity. There is much puerile floridity, much confused, perhaps even poisonous sentiment, but here and there rises a thought of incomparable beauty and dignity. There is many a tangling jungle, many a pernicious vine spreads its baleful leaf, but many a bough is loaded with bloom of the most delicate fashion and exquisite odor.

These are, in general, the distinguishing characteristics of these Eastern literatures, yet they differ widely one from another. Arabian imagination is all fire and intensity, full of war and

bloodshed, burning with fierce passion; that of India is reflective, melancholy, prodigious; that of Persia subtle, airy, sensuous; and that of China tame and uncreative, its principal products being homely moral maxims clothed in terse expressive language. To borrow the striking metaphors of Alger, the Chinese muse is a ground-sparrow, the Persian a gazelle, the Indian an elephant, and the Arabian a lion.

Yet we are not to suppose that the Oriental style is always according to this pattern, or that the Occidental is always at variance with these modes. There are passages in the Arabic, the Hindoo, and the Persian bards as lofty and spirited as Homer, as chaste and elegant as Virgil, and as soul-entrancing as Milton; while, on the other hand, the pages of our Western poets at times present passages as gorgeous, as florid, and as extravagant as any that were ever traced by the pen of Firdousi or Hafiz.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TWO FORTUNES.

THREE is n't enough, mamma." Mrs. Ross stopped the noisy clicking of her sewing-machine as her daughter's voice fell on her ear, and looked up wearily. The girl standing before her spread out the skirt of the soft silk which she had thrown over her shoulder, and measuring its width with a glance went on,

"There can't more than two breadths be spared, and what can you do with that as fashions are now? Besides, I must have a new waist to it."

Mrs. Ross pushed aside her work, and taking the dress, began calculating, like the skillful manager she was. "There's my old velvet cape. We might take that for a jacket, and use these two breadths—they are long and wide—for an over-skirt."

"But the trimming?"

"Is n't there enough of that fringe we have had so long?"

"Not by half a yard, and I'm tired of it besides. It's done duty constantly for me for the last four years; and the silk is faded."

"It could be turned."

"It has been once. The truth is, mamma, it won't do. When we have done our best with it, it will just be an old, faded, scrimped dress. I'll stay at home first." She gathered up the silk impatiently—young and very pretty, the trial of poverty was no slight one.

"But I want you to go, dear," her mother said, detaining her. "Your aunt and cousins

will hardly like it if you refuse. You have no reason."

"No reason. They know the reason without our telling it. When every other girl in the party will be beautifully dressed, Mary and I don't want to look dowdy. I wish they had not invited us. I wish—it's wicked to wish it, I suppose—but I do hope Aunt Hitty won't live forever—I just ache for a little of her money."

"Georgie! Remember Aunt Hitty is my sister."

"Only sister-in-law, thank fortune! What sort of a man was Uncle James, I wonder, to marry such a sour—well, he did not live long after, and no wonder."

"There, Georgie, that will do. Uncle James was my only brother, you know—the best one ever was."

The girl flushed, half vexed, half penitent. "He had trouble enough to make him good." Then—seeing her mother's face—"I'm sorry, or, at least, I won't say any thing about it again to you. Let me take the old dress away, and you rest."

"Yes, take it away." Gentle mother that she was, she half repented already her reproof. "We may think of some other way to fix it. If we could but afford new ones. I want you to go—you have so few pleasures."

"So very few"—her irritation rising again—"that we do n't care for the doubtful one of being snubbed by our rich relations. I hate being patronized."

"Do n't talk so, Georgie. Have you forgotten Aunt Mary's taking May to the sea-side last Summer, and how much good the trip did her? Our rich relations"—the smile was a little bitter despite her efforts against it—"are very convenient sometimes."

"Aunt Mary is good"—penitent again. "Not much like Aunt Hitty, is she? But the girls always seem patronizing."

"It is all seeming, I think. But, now"—anxious to break the discussion—"take this away and get tea."

"Papa will be home to-night."

"Yes. Try to have a little nicer tea than usual, dear."

"What sent him off so suddenly?"

"Business for the firm." And with this highly satisfactory answer Georgie left her alone in the gathering dusk.

For years these few minutes between daylight and dark had been the only rest hard-working, patient Mrs. Ross allowed herself. Now, as she leaned back in her sewing-chair, she covered her eyes with her hands, not to

shade them from the dim light of the fire, but to brush away the few tears there. Though she had tried to be cheerful with her daughter concerning their poverty, it was easy to see that the trial was greater to the loving mother than the child—greater perhaps because of the perpetual memory of better days. She could see, in the dim gleam of the fire, some scant mementos of the happy time of ease and wealth, in the few pictures and ornaments that gave the room, with its plain, well-worn furniture, a refined and attractive air. Outside, in the pleasant Winter afternoon, the city was taking its pleasure. Sleigh bells rang merrily; now and then happy voices and sweet laughter mingled with them. And in utter contrast from the other room came Georgie's fresh, clear voice, singing, with an expression that should have been impossible to her youth, and health, and beauty, "Long Weary Day."

"My heart is sad and lone,
To think of days by-gone."

Mrs. Ross was not naturally over-sensitive. Pride and poverty conjoined had tended to a morbid straining of the nerve of feeling, and the perpetual high pressure under which she kept herself, sometimes reacted painfully on the overworked body. Now she tried to quiet herself by the old rule, the counting of her blessings, their plain, but pleasant home, their health, their many friends. She knew that, despite their poverty, they were a happy family—happier, she often thought, than their "rich relations." But to-night the past held her. Try as she would she could think of nothing but the luxurious home of her childhood, the equally beautiful one in which the first ten years of her married life had been spent. Then her cup of happiness had overflowed. Blessed in her husband's constant love, in her three children, she had no thought of trouble. And when it came in the failure and sudden death of her father, it found her unprepared. It was the first loss, but many others followed. In a night the half of her husband's wealth was lost in a great fire. He rallied his energies, and tried hard to keep what was left; but debtors became bankrupt, and creditors were importunate, and, after a five years' struggle, a slow "coming down" from wealth to comfort, from comfort to bare maintenance, he failed—failed utterly and hopelessly. No capital left with which to begin again—energy and ambition so broken indeed, that he hardly could, had there come an opening—he had been forced to take a clerkship. Thenceforward, when for her children she most needed wealth, Mrs. Ross took poverty. By economy they had, in their eight years, paid for their

little home, and laid by a little for rainier days. But to the mother the burden was each year growing heavier; their three children could have so few of the advantages they wished for them. The eldest and only boy had been forced, a year before, to leave school, and take a clerkship with his father—a disappointment almost as bitter to the proud mother as the ambitious boy. Mary, the eldest of the two girls, eager to help herself, had, some weeks before, taken copying in a lawyer's office.

Sometimes it seemed to Mrs. Ross that she could have borne it better, but that, scarcely a dozen blocks away, her sister, married at the same time as she, lived in a splendor that was a perpetual reminder of her past. The bond between the families had not been parted in these years of change; but to the Rosses, painfully conscious of their poverty, there was a suspicion of patronage in Mrs. Lawrence's well-meant efforts to introduce the girls into society with her own daughters.

Moreover, not far away, in the old house where Mrs. Ross had been brought up, a sister-in-law lived, a sour, crabbed widow, owner of a fortune, the half of which would have made all the mother's plans for her children possible. With her little connection was kept up. She did not like her poor and proud sister-in-law, and her independent nieces were still less to her mind. Mrs. Gray relieved herself of her responsibilities concerning them, by sending each year a box of cast-off dresses to the girls—a kindness not always thankfully received. It was one of these that Georgie had just carried off, wondering, as she hung it away, if Aunt Hitty, when she died—"if she ever did"—would not leave them, instead of the money they so much needed, all her cast-off finery and furniture.

The noise of the outer door opening, broke Mrs. Ross's sad reverie; Mary, the elder daughter, came in slowly and wearily.

"You are tired, daughter," Mrs. Ross said, rousing herself hastily. The loving mother's quick eyes had seen something more than weariness on the pallid, delicate face, and she must help to bear whatever trouble had fallen on this, her frailest and, therefore, dearest child. "Let Georgie take your wraps," she added as the sister came in, "and lie right down on the lounge. Has any thing happened?"

"Nothing, but that I have lost my place," said Mary, sorrowfully.

"You see," she went on after a moment's pause, in which mother and sister had been too much surprised to speak, "Mr. Dunton's niece is here from the East. She wants work, and

of course they prefer to give her all the copying they have; so I'm dismissed."

"You will have a chance to rest, at any rate," the mother said, quick to catch at any gain in a loss. "The work has been too hard for you all the while."

"But the money, mamma," her lips trembling so that she could hardly speak. "I wanted so much to earn enough to pay for music lessons with Harrison. You know how often I have been told that if my voice could but be trained I might help myself with it. I love music so. I thought I could have learned in another term enough to teach beginners, and I hoped—I hoped"—and gathered into the patient mother's arms she cried out her disappointment.

"Are you all here?" a voice said from the darkness ten minutes later. "I came in without ringing, finding the front door ajar. I want to make sure of you for our party next week." Anna Lawrence had crossed the room while she spoke, and stood now holding Mrs. Ross's hand and looking at her cousin. Thanks to the dim light, she could not see her flushed, tearful face, and she went on in her usual pleasant tones. "It is only a quiet little affair, just the people I think you will like. We want May to sing. Mr. Harland is to be there, and we have told him of your voice, and his judgment might be of use to you. Please do n't refuse. It is my party—my birthday, though that fact is n't published," laughing. "When one gets past twenty they do n't publish birthdays, do they, May? Come promise, please."

And hardly knowing how to refuse, the promise was given.

"Can not you stay a few minutes?"

"Thanks, no, Bell is waiting outside. Mamma hopes to see you soon, auntie. It seems an age since you were with us. We have some new books, Georgie, that would please you. Come and see them. Good-night," and she was gone as quickly as she came.

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A large room elegantly furnished, velvet beneath, gilding above, handsome and luxurious furniture; the rose-red fire in the grate gleaming on the softly tinted walls, on bright paintings and rare engravings, on brackets holding busts and vases, on the white keys of the piano that, a sheet of music half fallen on them, looked as though they had but just ceased answering the touch of soft fingers; on books, papers, all the dainty nothings wealth and refinement make possible in a home. Through the great doors opened on one side a vision of greenery, the fall of a tiny fountain, the faint breath of flowers. In the soft mellowed light,

the mistress of all, Mrs. Lawrence sits, a faded beauty—a happy woman, if one is to judge by surroundings, despite the weary look of her thin, white face. She calls herself an invalid, and having for some years acted on the opinion by having half the doctors in the city attend her, has become one in reality. A shrewd observer would say idleness, lack of ambition, to be half the trouble. The lady has no need either to work or aspire. Fortune has been kind enough to give her full time to study herself, and the result is chronic invalidism. It is possibly because of her weak health that she finds her life so hard. Her family is a great care; society, a heavy burden. Sometimes she looks at her busy, cheerful sister half-enviously. Not that she would change places with her. Our envy of the joys of poverty rarely goes that far. Mrs. Lawrence only wishes her daughters were a little more useful at home; her sons a little less disposed to the sowing of those wild oats for which wealth buys so much seed.

She has wearied herself into a headache this afternoon over a novel, and is waiting now anxiously for her daughters. Her face lightens as she hears them coming up the steps into the hall. She opens the door and calls to them, and they come in, Bell, the younger, first, a handsome, haughty girl, her mother's pride and pet, Anna, the plainer elder sister, following more slowly.

"Have you had a good time, girls? Were your calls pleasant?"

"Pleasant is not my adjective for calls," Anna said laughingly. "They were well enough."

"All the dull people were at home," Bell went on, pulling off her gloves with such haste that she tore both of them, "and all the people I wanted to see were out."

"Only Nellie Graham was out, Bell."

"The very one I most wanted to see. And Ada Garner might better have been. I've not had such a call there in a year."

"Her cousin, an heiress from New York, is there," Anna explained to her mother's questioning look, "and Miss Ada's head is half turned by the distinction."

"And, mamma, Mattie Bryne has a new set of cameos, the prettiest things I ever saw. I must have some before our party."

"You don't need them in the least, Bell."

"O, mamma!" Anna interrupted; "Lloyd Allen is home. We met him just as we were coming from Mr. Garner's."

"And neither of us knew him," Bell interrupted in her turn; "but, as he did us, Anna must needs stop and be very gracious. But when he turned to me—it was too absurd!"

"I knew him," Anna laughingly explained, "but I could not speak his name. Bell was more honest. I looked all manner of reproaches at her for her forgetfulness, but she just stared at him in blank surprise, and finally he had to remind us of his name."

"It must have been very awkward. Has he changed so much?"

"Very much, indeed. But he has not forgotten his old fancy for Bell; that was quite evident to-day."

Mrs. Lawrence looked at her daughter, half pleased, half anxious, but Bell only pursed her lips disdainfully. "He has come home to stay, I suppose. His mother must be glad. She has missed him so much. I suppose," stopping and hesitating, as Bell was still silent, "that there are few better sons than he—few finer young men, every way."

"O, yes," Bell said, "as I read somewhere the other day, he has but one vice, but that the most intolerable of all—perfection"—and with that she swept out of the room.

"What is the matter with her?" the mother asked anxiously. "She used to like Lloyd Allen. I had hoped"—she stopped, her meaning being sufficiently evident.

"There is no use of hoping any thing while she is so bewitched with that Mr. Masters. I wish she could be made to see how worthless he really is."

Mrs. Lawrence sighed heavily.

"I fear," Anna went on, after a pause, "that it's not her, but her fortune he wants. Uncle Harry gives him that character, at least. I asked him about it the other day. He seemed shocked at the idea of our allowing it to go on, but no one can control Bell."

"Her father might. Speak to him, Anna, speak to him to-night. I had no idea things were so serious. I have no influence at all over her," almost wringing her hands in her sudden fear.

"I'm afraid no one will in this matter. You know," hesitating and lowering her voice, "Bell thinks herself, as Aunt Hitty's probable heiress, independent of us."

"I had forgotten Aunt Hitty's money. I wish she had none. I wish—but there, what is the use of wishing. Speak to your father now, Anna; I heard him come in a few minutes since."

So, five minutes later, Anna stood at the door of the library, where her father was; but she stopped at the door, seeing the troubled look of his face. He was a strong, stately man, in the prime of life, successful in business, respected in society, more feared than loved in his own

household. Anna was his favorite, as Bell was her mother's. She was, as he was wont to say, bright and sensible, and had some of his own business talent.

"Is any thing the matter, papa?" going up to him slowly.

"Nothing new." He took a letter from a number that lay beside him on the table, and gave it to her. "It seems that rich men's sons don't go to college to study. Harry is in another scrape."

"What will you do about it?" as she glanced over the letter. She was so used to her wild brother's scrapes—so used to them in the college career of Albert, her elder brother—that she took the matter more easily than he.

"I wish I knew what to do. If Albert were not the poorest possible companion for him, I would have him come home. I must go down there, I suppose, though I ought not to leave now."

There was a little silence, the father leaning back in his chair thinking—no pleasant thoughts, if one judged by his face—the daughter idly turning over the pile of letters, more as a diversion than from any interest she felt in the very business-like envelopes. She dreaded adding another trouble to those he already had, and was hesitating how best to begin, when, at the bottom of the pile, she came on a letter that she lifted hastily.

"Papa, here is one from Rockbridge, and not in Aunt Hitty's hand. I wonder if any thing is the matter."

Mr. Lawrence opened the letter, his face changing slightly as he read. "Your aunt is very sick; the doctor thinks dangerously so. Some of us must go down immediately. Bell or you, Anna."

"Bell does n't want to," the owner of the name answered, pausing in the door-way as she was entering. "Aunt has been sick a dozen times, papa, dangerously, and she always gets well. I really can not leave just now."

"Will you, then, Anna?"

"I ought not to leave now, papa, ma is so unwell. Bell ought to go. Of course, you do n't want to, Bell, and you would not know what to do for her; but she always likes to see you, you know, and, as for the nursing, why not take Cousin Mary?"

"We might, I suppose. She would know how to take care of a sick person, I think. It would be very lonely for Bell."

"And she may be sick all Winter," Bell said disconsolately. "What a nuisance relations are!"

Mr. Lawrence frowned, but did not reprove

her. The imperious beauty generally said and did as she pleased.

"We must go to-morrow on the noon train. I'll drive over in the morning and see if Mary can go with you. It's to be hoped her opinion of relations is n't as selfish as yours, Bell," said Anna; and with that the three went to the dining-room.

But the shadow of trouble that had dropped over the family seemed gone when, an hour later, they gathered in the bright parlor for the evening. Grouped around the beautiful room, they made the prettiest possible picture of a happy household, and, the curtains looped back, the shades still up, it was plainly visible from the sidewalk. Turning the corner suddenly, it struck sharply on the sense of one passer, a man bent more with trouble than age, struggling along wearily in the sleet darkness to his own poor home. He stopped just an instant and looked in at the beautiful room, at the mother and a graceful girl bent together over some piece of work, the father and son talking pleasantly enough, if one judged by their faces. He knew perfectly well that the picture had its shadows; that the sons were running a course of dissipation that would bring them to trouble soon; that the youngest daughter, whose beautiful face and figure were in sharp relief as she sat at the piano, would become probably the prize of a fortune-hunter. But he did not remember the shadows then. He saw the brightness, he thought of the pinching poverty at home, and, bending his head as he went on, was ready to repine at the bitter dealings of Providence.

But once in his own plain home, met by the bright faces and loving words of each in turn, seeing his wife's weary yet contented face opposite him at table, Mr. Ross forgot his trouble, and warmed into the cheerful husband and father he always tried to be at home. For the first hour of his return each put aside the little secret cares and troubles, and was as bright and merry as possible. Fred, the son, had brought home a new book, of which a chapter was read for their amusement. Mr. Ross told one or two amusing incidents that had happened to him in his little journey. Mary sang, her clear, fresh voice as firm and sweet as though no disappointment concerning it had come to her that day. And when they had all flitted away for the night, he said to the wife, bending a little wearily over some little bit of work she was finishing, "After all, Sarah, we have a happy family."

"Yes, thank God," the mother answered, and a few tears dropped into her basket—tears of

regret for her repining, of gratitude for the simple but sure joys they possessed.

It is a month later. Every thing in and around the two homesteads is nearly the same as a month ago. In the low pleasant sitting-room the Ross family are gathered, their faces quieter, happier than usual. Yet they have little, one would say, to increase their little store of happiness. Aunt Hitty is dead, and her treasured money given up. It is a shameful division, every one says, but there is no contesting the will, even had the Rosses wished to. And they did not. "We had no right to expect any thing," the mother had said, suppressing a little sigh. "Hitty never forgave me for not naming Mary after her. She said often that had I done so, she and Bell should have shared equally."

"And I'm glad you did not," Mary had answered, smiling. "It's worth a fortune to be called Mehitable, though no one would suspect that was Bell's name. She never writes it so."

"I could never bear to name a child to get money for her. Besides, then," with another little breath of disappointment, "there was no need."

"And I have my fortune after all," Mary said, smiling again.

Yes, Mary has one, a mere nothing in the eyes of her heiress cousin. Mrs. Gray repaid her niece for her care of her in that last sickness by the gift of her grand piano, and the sale of the old one had brought enough to pay for the treasured music lessons. Already flattering promises of future success are made her, and working hard and very hopeful, she looked forward to an independence that is very pleasant. And though she will never be a prima donna, never probably be known beyond the city where she lives, she hopes, in a few years, to be able to do much for herself and her sister. And work in this is not hard to her. It is rest, ease, delight. The idleness of luxury, the trifling life of fashion, have so little charms for her that she rarely thinks of envying Bell Lawrence her fortune. For Mrs. Gray's money has gone to her petted namesake, and to her sister-in-law, true to her former habits, she has left old-fashioned furniture enough to supply two houses the size of theirs—old dresses, old jewelry, old books. How happy are the Rosses with all this! The books and pictures seem so valuable to them; the furniture, though cumbrous, is handsome. Looking at them in their ignorant content, one wonders which of these two families has the better fortune; whether the value of things is not quite as

much in the way one looks at them, as in the things themselves; whether happy work be not better than luxurious idleness, and the train of trouble money always brings with it.

THE BERMUDA ISLANDS.

THIRD PAPER.

THE last paper described the sea scenery of the islands; the present may well be devoted to an account of the land scenes. The *formation* has been already described as hillocky with vales between; the hillocks taking the shape of flattish cones, according as the loose sand, blown by the winds, settled into position. Along the northern sides of the islands are bold, weather-beaten cliffs, but the southern slope off into sandy downs and snow-white beaches. The larger islands are indented by the sea, which runs far up sometimes into the arms of the land, making inlets often fringed by the mangrove or blackwood growth. The hills and slopes, almost uniformly where nature has still her way, are covered with the "Bermuda cedar," a species kindred to that found on the neighboring Florida coast, but decidedly modified by the soil and climate of the islands. The ancient trees are worthy of renown for their stately bearing and goodly girth, and their owners are generally very loath to let them be cut down. The brush is somewhat dense and dark, covered in the season with golden pollen or empurpled berries, from which latter "the cedar-berry sirup" used to be made, and so highly recommended for coughs and colds by the older dames. As you sit meditatively beneath the shadows of the cedars in the twilight hour, looking out on the beautiful sea, in sight from every point almost, the breeze comes sighing heavily through the brush, and provokes that semi-pleasant sadness of sensitive souls as they wander in reverie to various scenes of the past and the distant. But this world is full of the practical, and so, let us say that from the wood of the cedar work-boxes and clothes-chests are made which admit of a high polish, and are obnoxious to insects, so that furs and woolen garments committed to their keeping are preserved intact. In the times when sailing vessels were more commonly in use than at present, ships of various sizes were built to admiration from this timber, so light when well cured, and yet so durable; so handsome and aromatic, and yet not liked by the insects. The boats and yachts that ply and sail upon the inland waters are celebrated for their safety and fast-sailing qualities.

The cedar groves, however, which are so numerous on the islands, are not close, and dark, and heated, as pine barrens sometimes are; but, on the contrary, are fresh and open, with a free circulation of air, and the sunshine chases the shadows through the branches, or depicts them on the ground in every variety of pattern. The lentana, with its bright, delicate flowers, grows freely beneath these cedar groves, now in the commoner form of the "wild sage," and now in all the beauty of the plant as it appears cultured in our conservatories. The life-plant, too, abounds, clustering on its chosen spots on the hill-sides or in the vales. It is an air-plant if hung up in the house, swinging by a single thread, but out in the pure air and sunshine it spreads rapidly with its thick waxen leaves, and bells and flowers hanging plentifully on the brown stems.

Lemon groves, too, are now and then to be met with as you wander carelessly through the cedar openings, and perhaps a few orange-trees; and the ripe lemons are very golden, rough-skinned, with pouting lips, whose juice is an agreeable acid to most persons as they cool themselves, sitting or reclining beneath the shade of the trees.

But in these vales are the vegetable gardens and unpretending little farms whence are gathered, for the New York market in the early Spring, before the Borean breath has passed away from Northern climes, the onions, and tomatoes, and potatoes from Bermuda. Peas and beans, turnips and sweet potatoes, carrots and cabbages, cauliflowers and cucumbers, lettuces and radishes, squashes, pumpkins and melons, may be seen, in wholesome abundance, growing together in February, and yielding two or three harvests a year, and by the end of March, or early in April, the above-named staples will be ready for the New Yorkers, hungry for vegetables, after the scarcity of the Winter. A few statistics, taken from the "returns" of the late crops, will give some idea of the fruitfulness of these original farms: Of arrowroot, the finest prepared in the world, 30,270 pounds; of onions, 4,570 pounds; of barrels of potatoes, 11,770; of boxes of tomatoes, 114,215. The value of exports, from the two chief ports, to June 30, 1871, £150,000 sterling, or about \$750,000. These figures are given as exclusive of home consumption.

And now, around the fresh cultivation of these vales, we should, in truth, weave a land of floral beauty, for the patches of verdure are often screened from the salt blasts of the sea by hedges of oleanders, red, pink, and white, single and double, more beautiful to behold

than even the holly or hawthorn hedges of the Emerald Isle.

And walking through these quiet vales you will sometimes come upon the banana groves. A rather curious tree is the banana, not large, the trunk made up of a porous substance containing myriads of water-cells, and covered with several folds of thin, brown bark. It grows smoothly and taperingly to the height of six or eight feet, and then unfolds its curving, broad, smooth, grass-like leaves. Out of the heart of the tree, half hidden by the foliage, comes the bunch of scores of figs attached to a strong, central fibrous stalk. A tree only bears one bunch of bananas and then withers away, but from its roots there spring up shoots which perpetuate the family and the fruitfulness. The groves, with their green, broad leaves, and the pendent bunches of golden fruit, make a very pleasant scene, not at all impaired by the memory of the taste which comes up with the law of association.

The orange groves are nearer the dwellings, as though they courted the culture and admiration of the inmates; and they certainly deserve them, for in the Spring time the air is filled with the delicate perfume of blossoms, and the green fruit are already hidden among the leaves, becoming, month by month, more golden, until they drop in real, rounded, ripeness into your hand. And the grape fruit and shaddock are so closely kindred in species to the orange that they can not be distinguished from one another by the leaf or flower; but the grape fruit is larger than the orange, lighter colored, more spheroidal, and the pulp has a pleasant bitter taste. The shaddock is larger than the grape fruit again, of about the same hue, and the pulp is pinkish as well as slightly bitter of taste. Oranges in Bermuda used to be very fine and plentiful, but of late years some blight seems to have come upon the trees.

And in these orchards are other fruit-trees somewhat rare; the avocado pear, for instance, with its neat leaves and large, pear-shaped fruit, covered with smooth, shining skin, and pulp gathered around a large central seed, which pulp being cut into longitudinal sections, is eaten with salt and pepper as a vegetable butter; and the sugar apple, its rough green skin divided into sections by deep crossing parallel lines, and the inside filled with a white substance sweet as sugar, gathered around polished black seeds; and the custard apple, whose brown skin covers a cup of uncooked custard; and of smaller fruits there are Surinam cherries, too beautiful almost, in their shining, ribbed redness, to be eaten; and the

yellow loquat, growing to be a great favorite with its tart sweetness; and the strawberry, very fine when cultured; and the peach, which used to be most luscious, but insects are injuring it now.

Of other trees, not so desirable for their fruit, the palmetto—which rustles its fan-like leaves in the breeze—has been sung by Waller in rather fanciful strains:

"The sweet palmettos a new Bacchus yield,
With leaves as ample as the broadest shield,
Under the shadows of whose friendly boughs
They sit carousing where their liquor grows."

At the present more prosaic times, if they sit at all beneath the "friendly boughs," it is to weave beautiful baskets out of the palmetto straws. And the calabash is a tree of many irregular branches, with a large, round, unedible fruit, which, when equally divided, and the halves are cleared of their seedy pulp, the thick rind makes good bowls for the use of the peasantry. The tree is sacred to Moore in Bermuda, who cut his name upon the trunk of one of them, and wrote rather bacchanal verses beneath its shade:

"I was thus in the shade of the calabash-tree,
With a few who could feel and remember like me,
The charm that to sweeten my goblet I threw
With a sigh to the past and a blessing to you.

Last night when we came from the calabash-tree,
When my limbs were at rest, and my spirit was free,
The glow of the grape and the dreams of the day,
Set the magical springs of my fancy at play."

The islands are the favorite beds of many fragrant herbs and beautiful flowers. It was a wonder to me, when a boy, and wandering about the woody paths of Bermuda, how so many spicy herbs came to be growing wildly along the roadside and in more retired places; but afterward, on consulting the books, I found that in the earliest time of the plantations the commissioners sent out from England various seeds, such as mint, and sage, and thyme, and fennel, and basil, and marjoram; and these seeds have ever since been thriving in the damp, shady places of Bermuda. Roses of the finest varieties are here, and geraniums of all kinds spread their fragrant beds and flowers on the hillsides; but our writing must be only of rarer plants. Here, then, is the snuff-plant, with its pointed leaf and wreaths of yellow flowers—more honeyed in their breath than snuff-like, I think—and the night-blooming cereus is a homely cactus to look upon, but, opening its flower of ghostly whiteness upon the midnight darkness, it fills all the region with the intense sweetness of its pure life, but withers before the golden morning can behold its beauty.

And the shell-plant appears—rarest of all—with bulbous root and grass-like leaves, out of whose folds arises a stalk that eventually bends to the weight of a cluster of flower-shells, at first rolled up in white petals, tipped with red, but, by and by opening their lips, so beautifully crimsoned and veined with yellow! But the century aloe must not be forgotten, which forms from the ground a circle of long, fibrous, narrow, spiked leaves, out of which rises a shaft to the height of twenty feet, with lateral branches, becoming shorter and shorter, until lost in the tuft at the top. On these branches come out scores of golden, globular flowers, filled with sunlight and nectar, of which, if the gods do not drink, the bees do! The legend about this plant, that it blossoms once in a hundred years, seems to be that it blossoms once and dies, but, like the banana, from the decomposition of its leaves, springs forth the new offspring.

The cottages of the islanders stand, for the most part, on the slopes and sometimes on the hill-tops, catching the cool sea-breezes, and commanding fine outlooks, while they themselves are quite conspicuous. They are built from the coral limestone of the islands, sawed by hand into blocks of the needed sizes: the roofs, also, are covered with the same material, prepared as slabs or slates. Many of the cottages are whitewashed annually, which washing not only keeps them sweet and clean, but it also fills with lime the pores of the stone, and thus shuts out the dampness. The wood-work of the houses is of the durable cedar; and as you look upon these snow-white dwellings, with their green blinds, and contrasting so strongly with the flowering shrubbery and creeping vines that entwine them, you can not but admit the picturesqueness of the scene! Sometimes, too, the houses are down by the water's edge, and the towns and villages often curve prettily around the arms of the glassy sea! The governor's house, the admiralty house, and the commissioner's house, are among the finest in the country—the two former are on the hills overlooking the town and harbor of Hamilton; the latter stands on the high extremity of Ireland Island. The grounds around the governor's and admiral's house display the chief beauties of Bermudian scenery. The clean, short, crab-grass covers the lawns, as, indeed, it covers the vales and hills every-where beneath the cedars, and the plants and flowers, to which I have referred, meet and greet you at every turn! On the sea side of the admiral's residence are some noted caves. The Earl of Dundonald, several years ago, when naval commander-in-chief, availed himself of the talent

and experience of some Cornish miners who appeared among his crews, and had the cliff undermined for a considerable distance along the sea. The tunnel which they dug opens at one end in a large apartment, which commands fine views of Grassy Bay and Ireland Island. At the other extremity are pools of clear, green-tinted water, which do so invite you to a cool, refreshing bath, while boats and yachts belonging to the admiralty seem to take pleasure in casting their moving shadows upon the mirroring tides. The commissioner's house is palatial in size and appearance, with its double rows of verandas, and iron pillars and railings, though it has been suffered to fall much into decay: the wood-work is of solid mahogany, and the mantel-pieces of fine marble. A magnificent marble bath completed the luxuries of the establishment, while the out-houses for various purposes were numerous. The whole concern, under the circumstances, was one of those stupendous follies which public functionaries have sometimes an aptness for committing, and cost the British Government £60,000 sterling, or \$300,000!

But upon another of the Bermudian hills is one of the finest and most useful structures in the world. I refer to the light-house which rises so conspicuously and cheerfully on Gibbs Hill. The hill itself is about two hundred and fifty feet in height, and the light is elevated in a tower one hundred and thirty-three feet. The flash of the lamp, which continues for six to eight seconds each time, and is repeated every minute, is one of the intensest of those known, and throws its brilliance forty miles out at sea, startling the mariner into assurance that he is at least so near the reef-bound islands, and must give no slumber to his eyelids! The view from the gallery of the light-house, as from several of the hill-tops, is to be reckoned among the finest of its kind in the world: the numerous evergreen islands so gayly anchored in the seas, with only their crags and cedars, or with grassy slopes and embowered cottages; the seas themselves, now stretched out in their blueness and glittering in the sunshine, or green and glassy as they flow up under the land; then the towns, with their white buildings, rising around the harbors; or the houses and cottages, scattered over hill-sides and valleys, peeping out of the dark cedar shrubbery, combine to make up a sea view of unsurpassed beauty!

There are not many varieties of birds to enliven the scenery of Bermuda, or make the groves or gardens vocal with their notes. The few species that appear brighten with their

brilliance rather than charm with their song. The bluebird, for example, looks bluer amid the heavy foliage of the cedar than with us, and the cardinal is certainly of the brightest red as he darts into the thick cover; the blackbird startles with his cat-like scream as he flutters amid the orange boughs, and the little ground-dove goes so quietly along, only stopping to pick up the fallen seeds—the very picture of innocence and love; the crows caw and caw again as they fly up, at evening, to the wooded heights of the hills; the kingfisher darts, with a flash of his plumage, from the secret place of the mangrove or black-bush, upon his finny prey in the shallows; and the lonely heron almost compels you to meditation as you stand watching him, as it were, watching his own shadow in the crystal tides.

But this paper shall now be closed with two quotations, one from a historian of the early times of May and Lancaster, the other from the muse of the celebrated Moore, who spent a few of his juvenile years in Bermuda, whether admiring more the beauty of her daughters or the beauty of the scenery, it were hard to tell. The historian says: "He [May] found it [the island] a terrestrial paradise, abounding with citron, orange, and lemon trees. Here was seen the towering palm, whose straight and naked stem shoots up to an immense height, crowned with a cupola of foliage resembling the feathers of the ostrich, overtopping all his fellows of the forest. Contrasted with the deep, rough green of the cedar was seen the tall papaw, with its bright gray stems and leaves of emerald green, bearing a fruit in shape and color, when ripe, resembling the lemon, but filled with a yellow pulp and black seeds, unpalatable to the European taste. Groves of mangoes, bananas, and plantains, together with labyrinths of unknown aromatic under-wood, crowned numerous little islands only a stone's-throw from each other, forming miniature bays and harbors, whose rocky inlets were fringed with various hues reflected from transparent waves, beneath whose surface glided fish of unknown shapes and colors. A scene so novel, so romantic, and unknown riveted, for a time, the attention of the wanderers, and they lost sight of their calamities in contemplation of the wonders around them. No vestige of human habitation was to be seen; all was silence and solitude, interrupted only occasionally by the murmurs of the distant breakers, the carols of the feathery tribes, and the spicy hum of the southern breeze as it swept the lofty cedars. Birds of bright plumage were seen feeding upon the berries of odoriferous

shrubs, wild hogs were grazing in the valleys, and great whales gamboling in the deep. Scenes like these the poets in all ages have delighted to dwell upon, and we have reason to believe that this island once in reality rivaled the famous Calypso in imagination. Our immortal Shakspeare has, with justice, made it the scene of his shipwreck, making Ariel to warble forth his wild notes amidst rocks still more wild than the echoes. He seems to allude to the heavy dews and the continued turbulence of the breakers when Ariel says:

"Where once thou call'dst me up at dun midnight
To fetch heaven's dew from the still vex'd Bermoothes."

And now for the poet Moore:

"But bless the little fairy isle!
How sweetly, after all our ills,
We saw the sunny morning smile
Serenely o'er its fragrant hills,
And felt the pure, delicious flow
Of airs that round this Eden blow
Freshly as e'en the gales that come
O'er our own healthy hills at home.
Could you but see the scenery fair
That now beneath my window lies,
You'd think that Nature lavished there
Her purest waves, her softest skies,
To make a heaven for love to sigh in,
For bards to live and saints to die in.
Close to my wooded bank below
In glassy calm the waters sleep,
And to the sunbeams proudly show
The coral rocks they love to steep.
The fainting breeze of morning fails,
The drowsy boat moves slowly past,
And I can almost touch its sails
As loose they flap around the mast.
The noontide sun in splendor pours
That lights up all these leafy shores,
While his own heaven, its clouds and beams,
So pictured in the waters lie,
That each small bark, in passing, seems
To float along a burning sky!"

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE PASTOR'S WIFE.

THE relationship of "wife" is the zenith of a true woman's glory. In this relation- ship she first appears on the stage of action. While in all the ranges of animated nature, each one found his complement in a suitable companion, the inspired pen records, with appropriate sadness, the declaration, "But for Adam, there was not found an helpmeet for him;" and, "The Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept. And he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof; and the rib which the Lord God had taken from man made he a woman; and he brought her to the man," and Adam instinctively recognized his affinity, and said, "She shall be called woman, because she was taken

out of man." "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one." Thus God fulfilled his declared purpose, "I will make an helpmeet for him; for it is not good that the man should be alone."

Very generally men have approved their Maker's judgment, and have sought their complement in this earliest and holiest relationship, and happy husbands have, from age to age, exclaimed,

"Hail, woman, hail last formed in Eden's bower,
Midst murmuring streams and incense-breathing flowers;
Thou art, mid light and gloom, through good and ill,
Thy Maker's glory; man's chief blessing still.
Thou calmest our thoughts, as halcyons calm the sea;
Sooth'st in distress, when servile minions flee;
And, O, without thy sun-bright smiles below,
Life were a night, and earth a waste of woe."

The matrimonial relation is the basis of society, and is the secret of its purity, power, and permanence; and by laws of the most stringent character, both Divine and human, this relation has ever been guarded with the utmost vigilance, and thousands have had occasion to say,

"Domestic happiness! thou only bliss of paradise
That has survived the fall—all hail!"

But it is in the character of man's companion and his "helper" that we would specially consider her. We have no sympathy with those utopian schemes of modern times which are blatant about woman's rights, and those absurd claims which serve only to provoke derision and bring woman's real rights into contempt. Under such advocacy our sisterhood is in danger of losing their acknowledged privileges in a Quixotic crusade for supposed rights.

"Order is heaven's first law,
And 't is confessed the wisest,"

and that order is marked out by the Bible, which makes woman man's "companion" and his "helper." Milton distinguishes their capacities thus:

"For valor he and contemplation formed,
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace.
He for God only; she for God in him."

The apostle Paul, in his first letter to the Corinthians, says, "I would have you know that the head of every man is Christ, and the *head of every woman is the man*, and the head of Christ is God; for man is the image and glory of God, but the woman is the glory of the man; for the woman is of the man, and the man was not created for the woman, but the woman was created for the man." His helper! in her appropriate sphere the empress of the pure affections of the heart—queen of the sacred circle of "home, sweet home."

Let us glance at woman's relation to the ap-

pointed priesthood of God under the dispensation preparatory to Christianity. It is worthy of remark that the Aaronic priesthood was a *married priesthood*, and most stringently did God regulate the marriages of this consecrated priesthood. In Leviticus we find this regulation: "A widow, or a divorced woman, or profane, etc., these he shall not take to wife." The prophet Malachi, in severely reprobating the unkind treatment of some priests to their wives, says, "The wife of thy youth, against whom thou hast dealt treacherously, is thy *companion*, the wife of thy covenant."

Under the dispensation of the Gospel the divinely appointed ministry is recognized as a *married ministry*, so little countenance does the Bible give to the avowed celibacy of Romish priests. Paul describes with great particularity the qualifications of the wives of the preachers. He says, "Even so must their wives be grave; not slanderers, sober, faithful in all things." Paul said, "Have we not power to lead about a wife, a sister, as well as *other apostles*, and as the brethren of the Lord and Cephas?"

Thus we see the Divine warrant given in the New Testament as to "companions" and "helpers" to bishops, elders, and deacons, in the divinely appointed ministry of the Gospel, and the qualifications necessary for their "wives" are marked out by the inspired apostles.

Let us, then, glance at these "helpers" in this holy relationship.

1. A godly wife may help her husband by her prayers. God has styled himself the hearer of prayer, and we have a thousand proofs that "prayer ardent opens heaven and lets down a stream of glory in the consecrated hour of man in audience with his God." By your prayer of faith you may bring blessed influences upon him and his charge; while he is talking for God you can talk to God.

2. You can be your husband's helper by your holy life. It is by your consistency that you are to impress, encourage, and influence others. You can only evince the importance you attach to the religion you profess by the constancy of your adherence to it, and the sacrifices you are ready to make in its defense. Like himself, a minister's wife should be "an example to believers in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, and in purity." There is no beauty equal to the beauty of holiness; and in no one is Scriptural holiness more potential for good than in the companion of a minister of God. Entirely consecrated we will be "sanctified wholly."

3. A pastor's wife may greatly aid him by her social influence. Your intercourse with the

Church and "those that are without," may be productive of the greatest good or ill. Our deportment should never be so reserved as to appear haughty, proud, or exclusive. "The rich have many friends." Let your leanings be rather to the other side. Like Goldsmith's "Village Pastor," let us be

"More prone to raise the wretched, than to rise."

You stand in the same relation to all conditions in the Church and the community, and must be respectful to all. Your connections and intercourse afford you more opportunities to speak. See to it that your remarks turn on subjects rather than persons, and thus avoid gossiping, the bane of society. Set an example of speaking for Christ in the social meetings of the Church. Be ready and willing to give a religious turn to social conversation, and let this be the theme most congenial with your spirit.

4. She can be her husband's helper by her labors in the Sabbath-school—the nursery of the Church. You can do much in this field. You should become acquainted with the children of the congregation. Learn their names. Do not call them "sissy and sonny;" but Mary, Jane, Willy, and ask about mother and the dear babes at home. It is said of the Swiss shepherd, that when he wishes to lead his flock to fresh pastures, over the craggy heights, he will take a lamb in his arms and carry it to the green spot above, and the sheep will be sure to follow. If you desire souls for your hire and seals to your husband's ministry, this is the place to labor. Pardon me if I refer to my own efforts in this field. I have occupied this position for more than a third of a century, and would be expected to have some experience. So many pleasant and yet profitable little affairs can be contrived by you to fasten the children's attention and interest to the school.

While acting as assistant superintendent of our promising Sabbath-school in R., I proposed rewards to those who should bring the largest number of new scholars into the school. One of the rewards was a ten-dollar family Bible, promised by the worthy and enterprising superintendent. A boy named James Voorhees was very active and successful, and on the Sabbath morning that the division was to be made asked his father to join an adult Bible class, and thus help him gain the coveted prize. That father complied; the boy gained the Bible, and in a few months that father was soundly converted and joined the Church. The father brought Mr. B. into the school, who soon was converted to God, and through his influence many of his fellow-workmen in the cooper shops of

the village were brought into the Church and were "joined to the Lord," and thus the work went on with great results. Truly did the prophet Isaiah predict that "a little child shall lead them."

6. A pastor's wife can be his "helper" by so training up her own children in the ways of holiness, that they shall not only not bring a reproach upon religion, but shall adorn the doctrine of God our Savior in all things. Cultivate their manners, and render them examples of good behavior. If they are forward and impudent, rude and disobedient, the minister as well as the mother will be blamed, for he is to be "one that ruleth well his own house."

7. You may aid him greatly by economizing his limited income, so that he shall not, unnecessarily, be embarrassed with pecuniary difficulties. "An empty bag can not stand." A minister will not be able to come before his people with that confidence, fervor, and power, while he is conscious of financial claims ready to be pressed upon him. Exercise every kind of self-denial rather than see your husband involved, and keep him as much as possible disengaged from secular affairs, that he may feel himself free for his sacred work, and know how to please Him that has called him to be a soldier. "Live within your income," is an imperative necessity in a pastor's wife, and much depends on a wife's management in these matters.

8. You may be his "helper" by making his home neat and attractive. Other men can leave their business and home during the Summer for rest and recreation, but a minister can not conscientiously do this. His place is with his people, so that his home is his only retreat, and must be made an inviting resting-place for the weary one. Render home attractive, that he may find it the scene of accommodation, peace, and cheerfulness. Your kind management can withdraw an unpleasant train of thought, and substitute pleasant and cheerful conversation. You will find that your personal attention to his health is not only a source of enjoyment and comfort to him, but essential to his usefulness. Study your husband's constitution, and aid him in the regulation of his mode of living as to sleep and diet. Sour bread, poor cooking, late suppers, poorly ventilated apartments, stand more intimately related with dyspepsia, nervousness, irritability, poor preaching, unacceptability, inferior appointments, supernumerary relation, location, obscurity, and premature death, than many suppose. If Monday sees him exhausted, nervous, listless, or excited, and zeal without judgment urges the same

unremitting efforts, do not neglect to sound the timely alarm, and say,

"Not on your studies too intently fix,
But exercise and air discreetly mix."

This is your Sabbath; you must have your weekly rest.

9. You may be a "helper" to him by attention to his personal appearance. Slovenly neglect will lessen the influence of any one, but neatness and cleanliness in his appearance and dress especially become the man of God. The want of it will reflect unfavorably upon you. The great Wesley was a model of neatness, and the world has echoed with his proverb, "Cleanliness is the next thing to godliness." Whatever is awkward in habit or offensive in spirit, you may hope to cure or modify as no one else can or will.

10. You may be his "helper" by keeping pace with him in his growth in knowledge. You may be a helpmeet for him by being his companion in that progress he must make or fail. A man on leaving school or college goes on acquiring knowledge at compound interest; a woman after marriage is considered fortunate if she can keep her principal intact. Still, by devoting your spare moments to the current literature of the day, you can so manage that he may not get so far in advance of you that he will be solitary. Let him ever find in you a congenial spirit in the rugged paths of knowledge and science.

11. You may be a "helpmeet" for him by wisely criticising his pulpit labors and his social intercourse. You can say to him just what others will say of him, but you must study his temperament and know him well in order to criticise without wounding. By this means he can free himself from many habits of speech, and manner, and temper, which would otherwise cling to him for life.

12. You may aid your companion by your dress. If your husband preaches against the putting on of gold and costly apparel, as the Bible enjoins, let your dress, at least, be "as becometh women professing godliness." The showy, expensive dress of the members of our Churches prevent many poor persons from attending the ministry of the Word. Their limited means will not allow them to compete in millinery and worldly fashions with the Christian butterflies that flutter in the assembly of the saints. See to it that your influence is on the right side.

13. You may be a "helper" to your husband by proper respect and hospitality to his ministerial brethren. Let them always find a pleasant and hearty greeting at the parsonage; and

though you may be obliged to perform Martha's labor, remember that you will share Mary's commendation, "She hath done what she could."

Woman's mission of sympathy, aid, and love has been accomplished in a thousand of the written and unwritten histories of earth. Not all have smothered innate nobleness. The names of "honorable women not a few" adorn the chronicles of the ages past, both in secular and sacred circles. The larger part of the disciples of Christ have in every age been found in our sisterhood. The golden flame upon the holy altars of the Churches in Christ would have been often extinguished but for woman's constancy, love, and hope. None but the Omnipotent knows her success in preserving brothers, husbands, sons, and daughters from the paths of the destroyer.

The women of Calvary were but types of Christian women every-where.

"Not she with traitorous lip the Savior stung;
Not she denied him with the unholy throng;
She, when apostles shrunk, could dangers brave;
Last at the cross and earliest at the grave."

The last chapter of Paul's letter to the Romans is a monument to the memory of the holy women who labored so assiduously with the apostles in building up the Church of Christ in Rome—a monument that shall outlast the pyramids. How ennobling to our nature, and cheering to our hopes, are the salutations "to the sisterhood at Rome of such a one as Paul the aged!" How sweetly he writes: "I commend unto you Phoebe our sister, which is a servant of the Church which is at Cenchrea: and assist her: for she hath been a succor of many, and of myself also. Greet Priscilla, my helper in Christ Jesus, unto whom, with her husband Aquila, not only I give thanks, but also all the Churches of the Gentiles. Salute my well-beloved Epenetus, who is the first-fruits of Achaia unto Christ. Salute Junia, who is of note among the apostles. Greet Mary, who bestowed much labor on us. Salute Tryphena and Tryphosa, and the beloved Persis. Salute Julia, Nereus, and his sister."

The mystery of mysteries is seen in that God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, to redeem those that were under the law and its withering curse, and in pursuance of the prophecy, "from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed," the Christian world has honored the mother of Jesus, "the blessed Mary."

Sisters, be encouraged to go forward. You will not lose your reward. You can afford to go on with patient continuance in well-doing without the applause of the multitude. You will share in your husband's reward at the rev-

elation of Jesus Christ, when every one will have praise of God according to their desire to please him. Even now you are approved and ennobled. The heart of your husband safely trusts in you, so that he hath no need of spoil. Your children will rise up and call you blessed, and God, even your own God, will bless you. He forgets not your work of faith and labor of love. He accepts your services "in the Beloved." And when the results of our common labors shall be developed by the light of another world, the reward of the holy women, who have shared the toils of the itinerant preachers, will show the divine appreciation of your work of faith which you pursued with the patience of hope.

A PSALM.

O God, how majestic thou art,
With light and with honor arrayed;
The clouds are thy car; in the deep
The beams of thy chambers are laid.

With garments thou cov'rest the deep,
The foundations of earth thou didst bind;
Thou settest the bound for the sea;
Thou walkest the wings of the wind.

Thou sendest the springs to the vales—
How cool from the hill-sides they burst—
Whereby every beast of the field
May quench in thy waters their thirst.

By these shall the wild asses drink,
And birds in the branches shall sing;
Herbs grow for the service of man,
And grass for the cattle shall spring.

Thou makest the wine and the oil,
And bread that doth strengthen man's heart;
Thou makest the day and the night,
The darkness from light thou dost part.

To thee the young lions do roar;
The goats find a home in thy hills;
Thy rocks they are refuge and strength,
Thy bounty all hungry souls fills.

How manifold, Lord, are thy works!
How marvelous, Lord, is thy way!
The earth, and the great and wide sea,
Thy power and thy goodness display.

Thou lookest in wrath on the earth
Thou touchest in anger the hills;
They tremble before thee and smoke,
Thy word their disquietude stills.

Thy glory shall ever endure,
The Lord shall forever rejoice;
Sweet, sweet let our thoughts of him be,
O bless him with heart and with voice.

THE LAST SUNSET.

"ONE more sunset let me see."
We wheeled her small bed to the door,
And turned the white and death-struck face
To where the sky seemed dyed in gore.

"O, mother!" from the white lips broke,
Then with rapt face and clasped hands,
She lay as though in raptured vision
Of far-off elysian lands.

"It must fade," she murmured softly,
"Yet for that it seems more fair;
We'd not look with gaze so eager,
Were the glory stamped forever there.

Just as it is, from out the sky,
That sunset I would like to take,
And hang it on your parlor wall,
That you might keep it for my sake.

But, mother, paint it on your heart,
Love will keep the colors bright,
And I'll take it with me, where
Sunsets never fade in night.

And between us it shall be
A bridge from this to the other shore,
By which your love shall cross to me,
And mine to you for evermore."

Clasping her dear and wasted hand
With a clasp that lingers yet,
And kneeling by her narrow bed,
I looked out on her last sunset.

On my anguish-heated heart
It was stamped with sharp-cut die,
And there till her I meet again,
That sunset will forever lie:

Beyond the river that molten ran;
Beyond upreaching tower and spire;
Beyond the verdurous mountain slope,
All the heavens seemed on fire.

There were yawning gulfs and beetling cliffs,
O'erhanging seas of vivid flame,
In which glowing islands slept,
And cloud-sails stately went and came;
Broad savannas, the eye outstretching,
Far-reaching capes and sheltered bays;
Gentle shores, sequestered inlets,
And bold sierras all ablaze.

Kneeling there beside my child,
What visions did the sunset bring!
Of the city golden-paved,
And the mansions of the King.

The sunset awhile the child outlived;
And as I saw the sweet eyes close,
Again I looked out on the west,
Lo! in the glowing heavens there rose
A golden bridge with open portals,
Leading o'er a sea of glass;
With spirit vision through the arches,
I saw my white-robed angel pass.

"I SHALL HAVE FLOWERS THERE!"

WERE the words that fell on my ears one bright, sunny morning, in July last, as I stood admiring a rustic vase filled with flowers at the door of a store in the city of Indianapolis, where flowers, vases, etc., were kept for sale. The tones were so sad, so tremulous, so full of meaning and earnestness, that I turned to look from whence they came. On the opposite side of the door-way, near another vase and some pots filled with flowers, stood a thinly clad, poorly dressed, old woman, bowed beneath the cares, trials, and sorrows of many years, her hair thin and silvery white, her eyes suffused with tears, her feet treading close upon the very verge of the "River," its banks, may be, already crumbling, falling away, gently bearing her from human sight, behind the thin curtain suspended between our vision and the "other shore." She leaned upon her cane and eagerly looked at the beautiful flowers; her lips trembled with emotion, her whole being seemed to thrill with joy at the sight of these beautiful tokens of God's love to man. She did not seem to know that any one was near. I stood still and listened to hear what she might say. "O, how beautiful!" she said—"they'll not deny me flowers there! No, no—God made the flowers for the poor as well as the rich, but I am denied them here"—and the silent tear stole down her wrinkled, furrowed cheek. She stood and admired, and drank in the beauty and fragrance of the flowers before her a few minutes, then tottered on with feeble, uncertain step. I was just on the point of leaving the city for home, or I should have learned more of the old lady, if possible. I felt that I was standing on holy ground, that God was speaking to one of his humble "little ones" from the midst of the flowers, kindling the holy flame of pure desire, lifting the soul above the sufferings, and cares, and privations of life to a higher, nobler existence—shedding a ray of light from the Throne upon the pathway just entering the shadows of death. Here was one of his trusting, confiding, lowly followers, looking up to him through his creation—this beautiful, silent flower—and gladly anticipating the day of his coming to take her home. What a sublime spectacle is the Christian's faith! Without faith, to the suffering, poor, unfortunate, life would be filled with the "moanings of an eternal night-blast," without lull or pause; but faith drives the darkness away, and looks to the coming morn, whose golden hues shall tip the shores of glory.

I thought of the many beautiful beds and

parterres of flowers at home, of my little angel Allie, who loved them so well, who lived among them so much the year before, and often asked me, in her trusting, child-like simplicity, "Shall we have flowers in heaven, papa?" But a year ago she went home to Eden's flowery shore, and God has answered her question—"I shall have flowers there."

There is something in flowers that appeals to the tender and pure emotions of the soul, and lifts up the moral nature of man. The fragrance of God's breath is upon them. Would it not be well for Christians to think more of this, and to place these silent yet eloquent messengers of God's mercy and love in the hands and homes of the poor, the suffering, and outcast of our cities and towns? Their souls are hungering and thirsting for this kind of food, and doubtless, could that craving for the beautiful be gratified, the missionary would often find a nearer road to their hearts. Then, Christian, plant flowers; plant them near the streets, where they can be seen; scatter them along the paths of the poor; strew them where they will gladden the hearts and eyes of the destitute; give them to the little, ragged children; adorn the walls and approaches of your mission and other schools with them. Wherever you can find eyes to look at them, there is a place they may be used, and God will bless those who give and those who look.

The flowers, the beautiful, beautiful flowers!
God hath breathed upon and painted them.
He planteth, watereth, and calls them ours—
Ours to love, ours among the poor to strew,
Hungry souls to feed, leading them to God anew.

AIMS OF LIFE.—The lives of most are misspent for want of a certain end of their actions, wherein they do, as unwise archers, shoot away their arrows they know not at what mark. They live only out of the present, not directing themselves and their proceedings to one universal scope, whence they alter upon every change of occasions, and never reach any perfection, neither can do other but continue in uncertainty and end in discomfort. Others aim at one certain mark, but a wrong one. Some, though fewer, level at a right end, but amiss. To live without one main and common end is idleness and folly. To live at a false end is deceit and loss. True Christian wisdom both shows the end and finds the way; and, as cunning politics have many plots to compass one and the same design by a determined succession, so the wise Christian, failing in the means, yet still fetcheth about to his steady end with constant change of endeavors. Such one only lives to purpose.

The Children's Repository.

THISTLES.

" MAMMA, the garden looks lovely to day! Won't you please come out and pick me some flowers to take to our teacher?" exclaimed Emma M'Alpine in a breathless way, and with her cheeks flushed with excitement as she ran into the library where her mother was reading.

"Why, Emma, my child! what have you been doing that you are so out of breath?"

"O, I have just been having a splendid time playing tag with brother Will; but now, mamma, as it is most school time, do please get me some pretty flowers to take to Miss Wilson, for she is very fond of them, and always glad to have a fresh bunch on the desk by her."

"I will get the flowers for you with pleasure, Emma, but morning or evening is a much better time to pick them than during the heat of the day."

"Well, but, mother, if they were picked in the evening some of them might wilt before morning; and in the morning, you know, I have to hurry off to school just as quick as ever I can after breakfast."

"That is true, dear, but if you were not such a lazy girl you would be up with the larks these bright, beautiful mornings, and have more time to look over your lessons and play out of doors before the sun is so heating. Now do sit still and rest a few moments, while I get my broad flat and garden scissors, and also speak to the nurse about something, then I'll be ready to go with you."

Emma M'Alpine was such a restless, impatient, impulsive little body, that it was very difficult for her to remain quiet five minutes at a time when out of school, so in one instant—on hearing her mother's step approach—she was off of her seat with a bound and running to meet her at the door.

"Emma dear, do put on your hat and be more moderate in your movements," mildly said Mrs. M'Alpine, "for there is plenty of time to pick and arrange all the flowers you want before school."

For a while Emma moved on by her mother's side a little more sedately; then, as if quicksilver was in her feet, she danced off, darting about from one spot to another, calling to her

mother to pick this or that flower wherever she spied the handsomest.

"O, mamma, only do look and see how many elegant ones there are here! Can't I pick some myself?"

"Yes, dear, but do be careful in breaking the stems, and not jerk so hard as to pull up root and all, as some children do."

Emma, excited and scarce paying attention to her mother's last words, eagerly seized the stalk of a flower, and was about to break it off rather roughly, when she gave a loud scream, and hastily threw down all the flowers she held in her hand.

Mrs. M'Alpine, fearing she was stung by a wasp, or badly hurt in some way, ran to her exclaiming, "What is the matter, my child? Where are you hurt?"

More with passion than pain, she replied, "Why, that nasty, sharp, prickly thistle behind the flowers has hurt my hand horribly! I do n't see what use there is for such tormenting things. They are just good for nothing."

"Hush, my child, do n't speak in such an angry, passionate way against any thing. I am sorry you have hurt your hand, but that poor, inanimate thistle is not to blame. If you had not been so impulsive, and looked to what you were doing, you might have avoided getting pricked by it."

"Well, any way, mother, of what use in the world are thistles?"

"They are, I will admit, a rather troublesome weed in many respects, and especially so when they find their way into the garden; but 'tis said that every thing in the world is made for some purpose; and in speaking so impatiently against the thistle I think you forget who is the Creator of all things."

Emma hung her head as though ashamed of her pettish words. Her mother, glad to see that she felt the reproof, pleasantly added, "I wonder if you can tell me what nation thinks so much of the thistle that they engrave it on their national arms."

"The Scotch, mamma. But why did they not choose something prettier than that coarse, prickly weed?"

"O, they had a good reason for honoring the thistle. I will tell you all about it while we are resting in the cool arbor and making up the

bouquet for Miss Wilson. Let me see where the twine is first. I'm sure I brought a piece out with me. O, here it is in my pocket! Emmie, you can silently hand me the green leaves and tallest flowers first, and those which have the shortest stems afterward, for I see from my watch that we have no time to lose. So I will hastily arrange the flowers, while I briefly tell you how the Scots came to adopt the thistle as their coat of arms.

"They were mostly a quiet, peaceful nation, but their near neighbors, the Danes, were more warlike, and determined, if possible, to get possession of their country; so they were obliged to be somewhat on the watch for them—be well garrisoned and ready to do battle in defense of their rights at any moment.

"One rather dark night the Danes thought they would take them by surprise, and while sleeping soundly defeat them. So they crept along as softly as they could—all the soldiers barefooted, not to make the least sound—till, just as they were near the sleeping garrison, one of the barefooted soldiers unexpectedly stepped on a great thistle, and the hurt made him utter a sharp, shrill cry of pain."

"Why, just as I screamed out, mamma!"

"Yes, deary. But I fancy you only slightly pricked yourself against the thistle, and was more angry than hurt, while the soldier stepped his whole bare foot upon it, pressing in the prickly part. But to go on with my story.

"The noise at once awoke the sleepers, and each man sprang to arms. They fought with great bravery, and the invaders were driven back with much loss."

"So the thistle, which I thought good for nothing in this world, once saved bonny Scotland, dear grandpapa's native land?"

"Yes, love, and I hope you will remember this whenever inclined to feel annoyed or angry at any thing that seems useless to you. Now go in and wash your hands and smooth your hair, for it is school time."

Emma M'Alpine, thanking her mother for the interesting story, as well as for the prettily arranged bouquet, gave her a good-by kiss, and ran off with a happy smile, and promised to be less impatient in future.

ALMOST every thing has its bright side. A little girl in West Virginia, busily engaged working a pair of slippers intended for a birthday gift to her father, said to one of her playmates, "I think you are real lucky, for your papa has got only one leg, and you need n't work but one."

MAY'S VISIT TO THE GARRET.

MAY BENTON lived with her mother, her grown-up sister Clara, and her brother Walter—who was about ten years old, while May was seven—about a mile from one of the prettiest villages on the North River. Her cousin, Alice Hill, was spending the Summer there. One morning, two or three days after her arrival, May knocked at her door, and, on being told to "come in," in she came, with her doll in one hand, while the other partly held up one corner of her apron, which was full of all sorts of rags.

"Why, May, what's the matter?" said Alice.

"O, Cousin Alice," answered May, "I've come here to get you to teach me to sew; and I've brought all these things to make something for my doll."

"A patchwork quilt, I suppose," said Alice, laughing; "but stand perfectly still one minute, dear, and do n't drop any thing on the floor, and I'll get you something to put your rags on." So she brought a newspaper and spread it on the bed, and told May to empty her apron on that.

"Why, half these things, are good for nothing!" said Alice, looking at them. "I will get two more papers and sort the pile, and put what is worth keeping on one, and what we want to throw away on the other." So she brought the papers, and she and May sat down by the bed to look over the things. It was half an hour before they had finished. There were pieces of colored paper, ends of ribbon, strips of silk, calico, and muslin, the remains of old dresses, a torn collar of Mrs. Brenton's, a handkerchief with a hole in the middle, a ragged green veil, a petticoat of May's, all stained with ink, and twenty other things of about the same value.

"May," said Alice, "I do n't see a single thing here worth keeping, do you?"

"Well—no!" said May hesitating; "but I have nothing else to sew."

Now there was one part of the house where May never could be induced to go. This was the garret. This was very silly on May's part, for every one knows that there is no danger in a garret. Indeed, a great many children love to play there, because there is so much room. But May's last nurse had been in the habit of telling her foolish stories about the garret, and threatening to shut her up in it when she was naughty, till poor May grew so afraid of going there that the mere mention of such a thing would make her scream with terror. There were two flights of stairs leading to the garret; one was in the entry, just in front of Alice's

room, and the other came out by Clara's door. To get from one to the other, you had to go the whole length of the garret.

"Well, May," said Alice, "here is the key of my trunk. Run upstairs and open it, and bring me down a box you will see in it. It is full of muslin and lace, and I dare say I could find something for you. There is a piece of dotted muslin, which would just make your doll a dress."

"O, Cousin Alice, I am afraid," said May.

"Afraid! Afraid of what?"

"O, I do n't know," answered May; "but there are awful things up there!"

"I do n't believe it, May," answered Alice. "Who told you so?"

"Anna Brown, my last nurse. She said there were ghosts and all kinds of things there."

"May," said Alice, seriously, taking her on her lap, "Anna Brown was either a very foolish or a very wicked woman to tell you such falsehoods, for there are no such things as ghosts, nor is there any thing in the garret to hurt you."

"Are you sure, Cousin Alice?" asked May.

"Certainly, dear, or I would not have asked you to go up there. Now listen to me. Lying beside the box is a yard of ribbon, which I bought just before I came here for a neck-ribbon; I have never worn it, and you may have it if you will go up alone and get it."

May hesitated. At last she said, "Thank you, Cousin Alice, but I would rather not."

"Shall you be afraid if I go with you?" asked Alice.

"O, no! not if you go," said May.

"Very well, I will go with you," said Alice, rising. "I used to be afraid too, when I was a larger girl than you, May. I used to dread to go to bed in the dark, and I was at a boarding-school, where no one noticed or cared how I felt, so I was not as well off as you; was I, pussy? When I came home in the vacations, mamma used to sit by my bed every night till I went to sleep, but that only made me worse when I went back to school again."

"And how did you get cured at last?" asked May.

"There was one of our teachers," replied Alice, "who took a great fancy to me because I had no mother, and she found out at last what a silly little coward I was, and she explained to me that I was just as safe in the darkness as in the light, and she taught me a very pretty verse in the Bible, and a hymn—the very hymn we sang at prayers yesterday evening—to make me know that what she said was perfectly true."

"And were you never afraid any more in the dark?" asked May.

"No, darling, and perhaps one of these days you will not be afraid of the garret. Remember as soon as you go up alone for that ribbon, you shall have it. Come up with me now and look at it, and we will bring down the box."

So May put her hand in her cousin's, and they went upstairs together. At the head of the stairs stood the trunk. It had been carried up there because it was so large that it was in the way in Alice's room. Alice unlocked and opened it, while May stood by looking on. There was very little in it—the box and some pieces of ribbon, some letters tied together with a white ribbon, and a book. Alice showed May the ribbon she was to have—it was a blue one with white flowers. May thought it would make a beautiful sash for her doll, and she began to think what a pity it was that she was so afraid to go up alone and get it.

"I have never looked very particularly at the garret," said Alice, shutting her trunk; "suppose you go and see what kind of a place it is. I think if we only had half a dozen children here we could have a grand game of hide-and-seek. What is that black thing in the corner?"

"O," said May, "that is our old hall stove. We are going to have it put up again in the Autumn."

"And there's a churn!" said Alice. "Can you churn, May?"

"O, yes!" said May; and she ran to the churn and began to move the dasher up and down as hard as she could.

"Why, this is a very nice garret," said Alice, looking around; "ours at home is not nearly so nice. What rooms are those?"

"That is the store-room," said May, pointing to one; "and this is the linen-closet, and those are the servants' rooms."

"You are not afraid of the garret now?" asked Alice, after they had stayed there a little longer, and she had lifted May up so that she could look out of the window. "You are not afraid of the garret now, are you, May?"

"O, no," said May, smiling.

"Then suppose I go down to my room, and you get the ribbon and come down the other way."

"O, no, no! I do n't want to!" screamed May, clinging to her cousin's dress.

"Very well, dear, just as you please," said Alice. "Shall we come down now?"

May was very willing to come, and when they got back to the room, Alice cut out a dress for the doll, and showed May how to run up

the seams and hem the skirt; but she made the waist herself. It was a very pretty dress, and Alice sewed an edging of narrow lace around the neck and sleeves. When it was quite done May went down stairs to get some luncheon, and presently came back with an apple for Alice, who thanked her and sat down by the window to read while she was eating it, while May took her doll and sat down on a little bench and began to play with it. But she could not help thinking of the beautiful ribbon upstairs, and the more she thought about it, the more she wanted it. At last she said:

"Cousin Alice, I think I will go up for that ribbon now."

"That's right," said Alice. "Here is the key of my trunk. Be careful not to break the lock. If I were you I would go down by the other staircase, and knock at sister Clara's door to let her see what a brave girl you have been."

"So I will," said May, and she took the key and ran upstairs.

In about five minutes back she came, the ribbon in one hand and the key in the other, her face flushed with excitement.

"I've done it, Cousin Alice!" she said. "I'll never be afraid of the garret again! Sister Clara says I ought to be very much obliged to you for curing me of my foolish fears, and so I am; and for this pretty piece of ribbon, too," she added, kissing her cousin.

Alice smiled. "A very great man once said that 'virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful,'" she said. "Do you know what that means?"

"Yes; good people are not afraid of anything," said May. "Then I'm sure I'll try to be good. Are you never afraid, Cousin Alice?"

"Not often, dear; but not because I am good," answered her cousin.

"But you are good, Cousin Alice," said May.

"I try to be, darling; but no one in this world is as good as we all ought to be. And now bring your doll to me, and I will tie her sash in a fashionable bow."

After this May became so fond of the garret that she and Walter used to go and play there on rainy days; and she persuaded the nurse to carry her baby-house and Walter's grocery-store up there; and they used to play that the dolls were "early settlers," and some rag dolls, which Clara and Alice made them of brown muslin, and dressed with red and yellow calico and feathers, were the Indians who attacked them.

THE LITTLE RUNAWAY.

HT was one of the last days of Summer when a bright little group were making merry on a hill crowned with trees. But in all their glee there was one who could not join. While the others spread the feast upon the grass and partook of it with that relish which only childhood knows, poor Kate buried her face in her lap and wept bitterly. Her little friends gathered round her to know "if she was hurt, or if any one had treated her unkindly."

"No," she replied, "I have deceived my little sister Mattie, and I can not be happy. She begged me to bring her, but I told her to lie down in her crib, and go to sleep first, and I would *see about it*. She believed me, and kissing me, said so sweetly, 'Good, kind sissy.' While she was sleeping I ran away. But I can't be happy; for when she finds out I have deceived her, she will never trust me again."

"I would n't feel so badly, Kate," said a bright-eyed little maiden. "You did n't promise to bring her, so you have n't told a lie."

"No, not with my lips, Susie, but I have in my heart; for I said, I will see about it, on purpose to deceive her. Hark, I hear a child crying," said Kate. The girls looked down and saw a tiny little thing making her way toward them, sobbing bitterly. Her curls were sadly tangled, her white dress soiled and tattered, and her poor feet scratched and bleeding from the blackberry vines through which she had come. It was Mattie who, on rising, had found that Kate had gone, and set out shoeless and bareheaded to find her.

"O, you naughty little Mattie!" cried Nellie Green, "to come away up here without leave. How will you ever get home? Look at your poor feet! Naughty little runaway, your mother ought to whip you!"

"She ought to whip me for deceiving my dear little sister," cried Kate, folding Mattie closely in her arms.

"Take me home to mamma, sissy," whispered Mattie; "I'm so tired."

Poor Kate carried the child home in her arms, but she did not return. Her pleasure was gone for that day. Mattie was not well when she left home, and the fatigue and the wet feet brought on a fever which threatened her sweet life. O, how did her fond sister repent of her cruelty, and resolve never again to deceive a little child! The first time Mattie was able to go out, Kate and her brother carried her up to the spot where the former wept for her unkindness, and where she now rejoiced in the love of the dear child again.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Gatherings of the Month.

A GREAT WONDER.—When we consider that very many parents, professing to be Christians, by precept, by example, and, in almost every way, teach and train their children to love the world, to seek its things *first*, prize them most highly, and live for it altogether, it is a great wonder that any of these children are converted to God.

In addition to the natural depravity of the heart, the lusts of the flesh, the allurements of the world, and the many devices and temptations of the devil, all combined to destroy the souls of these children, there are also the parents, professing to be Christians, engaged in teaching these children from early childhood, that the world is better than God, the body is more valuable than the soul, the *present* things of more importance than the things of eternity; that worldly knowledge is more valuable than the knowledge of God; that it is far more important to conform to the customs and fashions of a vain world than to be conformed to the image of Christ; that it is better to please men than to please God; and that the esteem of men is worth far more than the honor which comes from God. In such cases these things may not be taught in so many direct words, but they are *tought* still more constantly and effectively by action.

Far more time and money are expended in giving these children the mere ornamental branches of an education, all for show, and some of which are wholly worldly, and can not be used for the glory of God, than to impart to them the principles of religion. More time and expense of money to prepare their bodies for appearing well in the parlor, at a party or ball, or even in the house of God, than to have their souls to appear well before God.

More attention is given to pamper the body with unnecessary and even injurious food, than to give the soul its necessary food, without which it will die eternally. Far more time and money are freely expended to afford to these children the sinful pleasures of this life, than to secure for them the happiness of heaven. *These are facts.*

Now in all such cases is it not a great wonder that such children are converted to God, when the parents seem to lay every possible hinderance in the way of their conversion?

And there is much reason to fear, both from facts and the Word of God, that very many who are thus trained, never are, and never will be really converted

to God, although they may profess to be so, and may think so. For these same children manifest the same spirit of the world in which they have been trained, and will not be convinced that it is wrong; for they follow the teachings of their parents, and will not take time from their worldliness to read and study God's Word to know whether it is right or wrong. The world has been held before them so constantly and so long, and so closely, that when they grow up they are *near-sighted*, and can see nothing of value beyond this world. And even when their parents see their folly and repent of it, the children have become so "set in these ways" that they will not give them up. They seem resolved to risk the loss of heaven, and sink down to hell, rather than give up the world.

The Word of God teaches that, in order to be saved, we must be dead to the world, and yet the whole of education, with some parents, consists in teaching directly the opposite.

MRS. STOWE ON DIVORCE.—It has been very surprising to us to see in these our times that some people, who really at heart have the interest of women upon their minds, have been so short-sighted and reckless as to clamor for an easy dissolution of the marriage-contract as a means of righting their wrongs. Is it possible that they do not see that this is a liberty which, once granted, would always tell against the weaker sex? If the woman who finds that she has made a mistake, and married a man unkind or uncongenial, may, on the discovery of it, leave him, and seek her fortune with another, so also may a man. And what will become of women like Lillie, when the first gilding begins to wear off, if the man who has taken them shall be at liberty to cast them off and seek another? Have we not enough now of miserable broken-winged butterflies, that sink down, down, down into the mud of the street? But are women reformers going to clamor for having every woman turned out helpless, when the man who has married her, and made her a mother, discovers that she has not the power to interest him, and to help his higher spiritual development? It was because woman is helpless and weak, and because Christ was her great protector, that he made the law of marriage irrevocable. "Whosoever putteth away his wife causeth her to commit adultery." If the sacredness of the marriage-contract did not hold,

if the Church and all good men and all good women did not uphold it with their might and main, it is easy to see where the career of many women like Lillie would end. Men have the power to reflect before the choice is made; and that is the only proper time for reflection. But, when once marriage is made and consummated, it should be as fixed a fact as the laws of nature. And they who suffer under its stringency should suffer as those who endure for the public good. "He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not, he shall enter into the tabernacle of the Lord."—*Pink and White Tiarany*.

FOR THE BEST.—When we consider the multitude who are in possession of means of enjoyment that are to them the means only of selfish avarice or of profligate waste—in both cases, perhaps, productive rather of evil than of good to the individual possessor—and when, at the same time, we consider the multitudes, far more numerous, to whom a small share of that cumbersome and seemingly unprofitable wealth would, in an instant, diffuse a comfort that would make the heart of the indigent gay in his miserable hovel, and be like a beam of health itself to that pale cheek, which is slowly wasting, on its wretched bed of straw, in cold and darkness, and a famine that is scarcely felt, only because appetite itself is quenched by disease—it might almost seem to the inconsiderate, at least for a moment, in contemplating such a scene, that no expression of the social voice could be so beneficial as that which should merely say, Let there be no restraint of property, but let all the means of provision for the wants of mankind be distributed according to the more or less imperious necessity of those wants, which all partake. It requires only the consideration of a moment, however, to perceive that this very distribution would itself be the most injurious boon that could be offered to indigence—that soon, under such a system of supposed freedom from the usurpations of the wealthy, instead of the wealth which supports, and the industry which is supported, the bounty which relieves, and the penury that is relieved, there would only be one general penury, without the possibility of relief; and an industry that would be exercised, not in plundering the wealth, for there could not then be wealth to admit of plunder, but in snatching from the weaker some scanty morsel of a wretched aliment, that would scarcely be sufficient to repay the labor of the struggle to him who was too powerful not to prevail.—*Thomas Brown, M. D.*

RIPENING FOR GLORY.—Some of the planets finish their rotations in much less time than others. The nearer they are to the sun, the more speedily they revolve. Mercury, for instance, is not quite eighty-eight days in accomplishing his year, while Saturn takes up considerably more than twenty-nine of our years in circuiting the same common center. Thus, some of God's converted people are soon matured for glory by their nearness to, and intimate communion with the Sun of Righteousness. These are

frequently known to outrun their brethren, and—like John at the tomb of our Lord—to reach the sepulcher, finish their course, and ascend to their Master's joy at a very early period; while other saints, who do not ripen so fast, or who have a larger field of usefulness to occupy on earth, are detained from their crown until they are full of years and good works. Each of these is gathered as a shock of corn in its season. O, believer, if thy God summon thee away betimes, his Spirit will first perfect that which concerneth thee; nor will Providence apply the sickle until grace has made thee white for the harvest. Or, if he lengthens thy thread, having much for thee to suffer, he will show himself the God of thy old age, and not forsake thee when thou art gray-headed, for he hath inviolably declared, "Even to your old age I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you." Isa. xlvi, 4.—*Toplady*.

TAKE HOLD OF CHRIST.—A traveler in the Alps had been climbing a precipice which gradually became more and more steep. But he was lured onward by the pleasure of the exercise and the purpose of reaching the top, till he found he could go no further. Now looking back he saw he could not return. He was in great peril. He had but an inch or two of footing, which might at any moment give way, and his strength was beginning to fail. He had been watched by a friend, who saw his peril, and, by another route, reached the summit of the rock and lowered a rope. What must he do? Believe! He hesitated. The rope might break—his friend's arm might fail—but the path was crumbling, his own strength was going; so he believed; that is, he trusted his friend and obeyed his directions, and so was drawn up to safety.

So let us believe and be saved. Let us take Christ at his word. Let us accept his mercy and obey his commands. Then shall we be saved—saved from guilt and condemnation; saved from death and judgment; saved now from wretchedness and ruin. We shall be saved, and so be able to fill our high vocation to live for God and serve him. We shall be saved, and so experience the blessedness which may be enjoyed now in the service of God. And this salvation will progress and endure; for the gift of God is eternal life.

Then that lake, reflecting the beauties of the sky, and those valleys teeming with flowers and fruits, and those mountains piercing the clouds, will be but poor emblems of the soul, which, with higher faculties and in a nobler way, will soar upward to heaven, arrayed in all the beauties of godliness, and rich in all the fruits of faith, and reflecting the glories of the Sun of Righteousness.—*Sunday at Home*.

"TO DIE IS GAIN."—It is a universal statement universally disbelieved. I have searched the graves of twenty grave-yards, and not a marble slab or shaft, plainly wrought, or chiseled in costly design, bore this immortal assertion. I have prayed above a hundred coffins, and watched the faces of the mourners anxiously; not one betrayed a knowledge of this sentence. I have carried a bright face to the funeral

chamber, and spoken the words of cheerful faith; and men have marveled, revealing their skepticism by their surprise. I have found it hard to persuade men that death is surprise; but when I compare the conditions of this life with those of the next; when I set the body sensual over against the body spiritual, the mind in bondage over against the mind emancipated; when I have bowed myself to the white face, beautiful as it lay in deep, unruffled peace, and remember how passionate and painful was the life; when I have stood beside the dying, heard their murmured words of wonder, their exclamations of rapture, and seen a light, not of this world, fall upon their faces as they touched the margin of the great change—I have said, "Death, thou art a gain."—*Rev. W. H. H. Murray.*

FEMALE DELICACY.—Above every other feature which adorns the female character, delicacy stands foremost within the province of good taste. Not that delicacy which is perpetually in quest of some thing to be ashamed of, which makes merit of a blush, and simpers at the false construction its own ingenuity has put upon an innocent remark; this spurious kind of delicacy is as far removed from good taste as from good feeling and good sense; but the high-minded delicacy which maintains its pure and undeviating walk alike among women as in the society of men, which shrinks from no necessary duty, and can speak, when required, with seriousness and kindness of things at which it would be ashamed—to smile or to blush—that delicacy which knows how to confer a benefit without wounding the feeling of another, and which understands also how and when to receive one—that delicacy which can give alms without display, and advice without assumption; and which pains not the most humble or susceptible being in creation.

TRUE GREATNESS.—No man was ever destined to be great whose disposition and manners change with circumstances. We like to see the grand features of a man's character distinctly marked, and capable of being traced through every period of his life, from boyhood to old age. We do not like to see his honest bluntness give way to a sort of amiable, please-every-body temper when he mixes with the world, and finds it good policy to keep on the right side of all kinds of men and women. That temper and that description of manner which can abide the sun and storm, are what give character to the man. We like to see the boy who has ways, and manners, and feeling of his own, who can not be molded into any shape that foolish and hypocritical parents choose to give him for a model. We like to see the young man who will sooner be banished from under the roof of a sordid and weak-minded father than be molded into a dull, commonplace man of business, and be made a traitor to truth and God, for the sake of a reputation among worldlings and Pharisees.—*Sine's Literary Journal.*

A RICH SOUL.—Is not the soul more than raiment, more than friends, more than life, yea, more than all?

Then why do you not labor to enrich your soul? 'T were better to have a rich soul under a threadbare coat, than a threadbare soul under a golden garment. If he be a monster among men, who makes liberal provision for his servant or his slave, and starves his wife, what a monster is he who makes much provision for his baser part, but none for his noble nature? Ah, friends, a slothful heart in the things of God is a very heavy judgment.—*Brooks.*

MATERNITY.—But what shall we say of the fashionable discredit of maternity, of society turning its power of innuendo and depreciation against the sacred source of its own life? I remember in my early married life that expectant maternity seemed a social disgrace, to be concealed as long and as sedulously as possible. If alluded to, it was made a subject of commiseration or of unwelcome raillery. The happy models of social life were those who had one or two children only. A large family was in itself a misery. I have, indeed, seen the reverse of this. I have seen beauty made more beautiful, and dignity lifted to majesty, by the anticipation of that new life in which the woman receives, along with her child, a portion of its youth and freshness. I have seen the inconvenience patiently borne, the reward anticipated, days and weeks too precious with hope to be carelessly counted and dismissed. In such cases, the mother is a prophetess, and her child, when it comes, an embodied word of God. Woe to any act or omission that should silence it! The Germans boast the ancient reverence of their race for woman, too little recognizable to-day. But the Western theories to-day have the advantage. They are extending to world-wide application. They are drawing the children of the East with subtle magic. They are bringing their practical enlargement and correction to the one-sided scheming and dreaming of the past. And in this Western world woman is to have a majestic place. Man is forced, on the Christian level, however superficially adopted, to place her beside him. So seated, she appears his equal. The children belong as much to her as to him, more to the State, most to God's high providence, to be trained as its conscious and willing instrument. If woman in America knows what she does, and why, she will place the maternal dignity at the foundation of all others.—*Julia Ward Howe.*

NOT THE SINNER, BUT SATAN.—It is a notable passage in Anselm, who compares the heretic and persecutor to the horse, and the devil to the rider. "Now," saith he, "in battle, when the enemy comes riding up, the valiant soldier is not angry with the horse, but horseman. He labors to kill the man, that he may possess the horse for his use." Thus we do with the wicked. We are not to bend our wrath against them, but Satan, that rides them and spurs them on; laboring by prayer for them, as Christ did on the cross, to dismount the devil, that so these miserable souls, hackneyed by him, may be delivered from him. It is more honor to take one soul alive out of the devil's clutches, than to leave many slain upon the field.—*Gurnall's Christian Armor.*

Contemporary Literature.

SONGS OF THE SIERRAS. By Joaquin Miller. 16mo. Pp. 275. \$1.50. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Mr. Miller has suddenly become a great poet, being recognized as such, as is not seldom the case, away from home before we really knew the force of his poetic talent in his native country. His "Songs of the Sierras" have had most brilliant success in England, and they really come back to us from that country with a new and commanding interest. The English critics generally recognize him as "by far the most original and powerful poet that has yet been heard from beyond the Atlantic." This high praise may be true as regards the originality and freshness of his subjects, and his wild power of expression, but certainly can not be true in respect to the universally recognized graces and perfections of poetry. After all, it is impossible to say what is poetry. It is not mere measured lines, or beauty of diction, or graceful flow of sentences, or even, by itself, grandeur of conception. It is something that strikes the imagination and the heart, that wins and moves, that melts and inspires, that attracts us to its author and its themes by sympathy with his depth of feeling and force of expression. In this way Joaquin Miller is a poet, a great poet. He at once arrests the imagination and wins the heart of the reader for himself and his themes. The reader very soon leaves off mere skimming and sets to at regular perusal; and when he does so, he finds the pleasurable impression confirmed and intensified. It does not matter that his versification at times is lawless in the extreme, and grates harshly upon the ear, and that sometimes his constructions set even all the laws of recognized syntax at defiance; still he holds you, and is master of the situation by the depth of his feeling and the power of his expressions.

Mr. Miller is a Californian, domiciled between the Pacific and Sierra Nevada, who has lived and written "on the rough edges of the frontier." San Francisco and Mexico were well known to him, but it was only in the Summer of 1870 that he, for the first time, saw and detested New York. He soon left it for London, and there published a small volume named *Pacific Poems*, which are republished in this volume. One of the greatest charms of Mr. Miller's poems is, that they are the poetry of the wild life and scenes with which his career has made him familiar. The novel scenes, strange personages, and startling adventures which they narrate would be of themselves intensely interesting without his burning ardor and his rich and splendid powers of poetic presentation. His excellences lie in this direction, that he is a true child of nature, born and raised under circumstances most favorable for the development of spirit and originality; his faults are

in the line of his lack of education and culture. Among the many enthusiastic notices which his book has called forth in England, the London Times hits their exact character about as well as any: "Music the poems undoubtedly have, but it is a tameless, weird kind of song, which none can subject to laws or explain by notation. Mr. Miller's muse is, in fact, beside that of his poetic brethren, like the mustang, whose flight he sings, beside the trained steeds of civilization. Its movements have savage ease, grace, and swiftness, but it can break into no known form of progress, and can neither trot nor gallop in approved fashion. Now and then passages of delightful harmony are encountered, but bluff or boulder stone checks the progress, and the rough, broken gallop is soon resumed. Leaving, however, the question of form, and coming to that of matter, there is room for unbounded praise. Such fire, such glow, such color, and such passion as the new poet displays are rare among masters of poetry; and imagination, fervent and splendid, abounds in every song."

To the American reader the poems recommend themselves as being intensely characteristic of the land from whence they come. Mr. Miller sings of the wild days of the early settlements, ere cities, since grown old, had sprung up as if by magic in the midst of the desert; of

"Men strangely brave, and fiercely true,
Who dared the West, when giants were,
Who err'd, yet bravely dared to err;

Who held no crime, or curse, or vice
As dark as that of cowardice;"

of
and of

"Bright, bronzed maidens of the sun!"
and of
"The land where the sun goes down,
And gold is gathered by tide and by stream,
And maidens are brown, as the cocoa brown,
And a life is a love, and a love is a dream;
Where the winds come in from the far Cathay
With odor of spices, and balm, and bay,
And Summer abideth for aye and aye,
Nor comes in a tour with the stately June,
And comes too late and returns too soon,
To the land of the sun and of Summer's noon."

It would be impossible to enter into a minute description of the manifold beauties of these poems, but we feel free to say that nothing so entirely original in theme, rich in color, passion, and poetic fervor, has of late years been written.

THE LAST KNIGHT: A Romance Garland. From the German of Anastasius Grün. Translated, with Notes, by John O. Sargent. Quarto. Pp. x, 200. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: Geo. E. Stevens & Co.

We learn from the introduction that "Anastasius Grün is the literary name of the Austrian Count Von

Auersberg, who has been in public life as a leader of the liberal party in Austria since 1848. Of late years, indeed, his literary fame has eclipsed his political, which was also partially obscured by his apparent desertion of his party. He had appeared as a poet, with occasional short productions, which marked him as a writer likely to achieve a wide reputation, when he produced this book, which, from its story and from the power which he displayed, gave him at once a high position, which he has ever since maintained, as among the best and most distinguished of the living poets of Germany. "The Last Knight" is a series of ballads founded on incidents in the life of Maximilian I, 1459-1518. The stirring incidents of that heroic time, the magnificent nuptials of Maximilian and Mary, the contest between France and Germany, and all the circumstances of romantic adventure, render the subject a most brilliant one."

The poems have become very popular in Germany, and recent events, and the growing interest in German literature, will make the volume very acceptable to American readers. The translation appears to be as literal as versification will permit, and the translator dedicates his work to Oliver Wendell Holmes. The book is beautifully printed, and reflects the greatest credit upon the taste and execution of the Riverside Press.

FOUR, AND WHAT THEY DID. By Helen C. Weeks, Author of the "Ainslee Stories," etc. 16mo. Pp. 315. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: Geo. E. Stevens & Co.

Mrs. Weeks needs no introduction to those acquainted with the "Ainslee Stories," and to those who are not, it is only needful to say that she is one of the brightest, most natural, and most entertaining of writers for the young. These stories have their lessons laid chiefly in the West, and will be found very successful in catching the spirit of child life on the prairies and in new settlements.

A SMALLER SCRIPTURE HISTORY. By William Smith, D. C. L., LL. D. 16mo. Pp. 375. \$1.

AGATHA'S HUSBAND. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." 12mo. Pp. 428. \$1.50.

THE COUSIN FROM INDIA. A Book for Girls. By Georgiana M. Craik, Author of "Mildred," etc. 16mo. Pp. 229. 90 cents.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION. By Charles Reade. 12mo. Pp. 250. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

The "Smaller Scripture History" is a very condensed form of Smith's Old and New Testament Histories, designed for junior classes in schools and for family use. It presents the whole subject in one volume, containing three parts, the Old Testament History, Connection of the Old and New Testament, and the New Testament History to the destruction of Jerusalem. The book is confined for the most part to a narrative of leading facts. It is a very excellent manual for its purposes. "Agatha's Husband" is a continuation of the uniform edition of the works of Mrs. Mulock Craik. It needs no com-

mendation. "The Cousin from India" is the second volume of the series of books for girls, issuing under the supervision of Mrs. Craik. The idea of this series is a good one. The books are beautifully printed, and handsomely and uniformly bound, with excellent illustrations. "A Terrible Temptation" is Charles Reade's last experiment of how far the reading public will endure his wild and foul productions. It is sad to know that his uncleanness finds plenty of readers, and that his foulness can find such publishers as the Harpers.

THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB. By Charles Dickens. 12mo. Double Columns. Pp. 326. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

A neat and handy edition of these "Papers" that seem destined to live for many years.

TWO BOOKS. By Mrs. C. E. K. Davis, Author of "Into the Highways," etc. 16mo. Pp. 266. Boston: Henry Hoyt. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

The publications of Mr. Hoyt are issued in substantial elegance, and are beautifully illustrated. Free from all sectarianism, they are yet eminently evangelical in character and spirit, and no safer or better works for the Sunday-school or family are known to the Christian public. "Two Books" means two diaries kept by two young girls, and they are highly illustrative of girl-life.

A KING'S DAUGHTER: With Other Stories from Real Life. By Mrs. H. C. Gardner. 16mo. Pp. 379.

LINDSAY LEE AND HIS FRIENDS: A Story for the Times. 16mo. Pp. 138.

THE HEROINE OF THE WHITE NILE; or, What a Woman Did and Dared. By Professor William Wells. 16mo. Pp. 207.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS; the Hero of the Reformation. From the French of L. Abelous. By Mrs. C. A. Lacroix. 16mo. Pp. 192. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

We have here an admirable presentation of books for young people from our own publishing house. They are just the right kind. The publishers are rapidly carrying out the purpose of furnishing to our older Sunday-school scholars, and the young people of our homes, a better literature than that of mere stories. We have, personally, not the slightest objection to good, natural, and instructive fiction. It is certain that some lessons can better be taught in that way than in any other. But the fault of our day is, that stories occupy too large a place in our literature for the young. It should only be the spice or ornament accompanying matter of real life and history. The four books named above come to us in about the right proportion for young people. Two of them are fiction, but fiction of that character which is true to human life, and is full of suggestion and instruction. Mrs. Gardner needs no introduction to our readers. In another place in this number we have given a sketch of her life, and our judgment of her ability. "Lindsay Lee" is a Scotch story based

on some facts which occurred under the ministry of Rev. Newman Hall. It shows the mischievous influence of skepticism on the character and peace of men; it portrays some of the effects of drinking habits; and it also brings out in bold and beautiful relief the delightful experiences produced by a genuine faith in Christ. "The Heroine of the White Nile" is a record of the remarkable travels and experiences of Miss Alexina Tinné, an adventurous female explorer of the wilds and deserts of Africa. Its truth is more thrilling than fiction, and its simple story stranger than romance. No woman before Miss Tinné ever undertook this great task, and her life is full of romance, courage, and self-sacrifice. Like many others she died a martyr to her heroic purpose. A portrait and sketch of this heroine may be found in the Repository of November, 1870. "Gustavus Adolphus" was the military hero of the

Reformation, and is one of the grandest characters of modern history. He was, at the same time, an excellent king, a famous general, and a model Christian.

THE PICTORIAL FAMILY REGISTER. By A. H. Platt, M. D. Cincinnati: E. Hannaford & Co. Sold on Subscription.

This is a very beautifully prepared register for the preservation of a full record of all interesting and important events of the family. There is room here for the name, birth-place, nativity, descent, names of parents, number of brothers and sisters, education, occupation, politics, religion, marriage, stature, weight, habit, complexion, color of eyes and hair, health, time and place of death, disease, age, and place of interment of each member of the family. It has also suitable leaves for photographs. It is a book for every family—a treasury of home comfort and information.

Editor's Table.

MRS. HARMONY CARY GARDNER.—The readers of the Repository will be glad to receive in the present month a portrait of Mrs. H. C. Gardner. For many years she has been a most acceptable contributor to the pages of this magazine, and to the present day we are sure no contributor is more welcomed in the productions of her pen. Always fresh, original, racy, instructive, and entertaining, we are sure of a good article when it is indorsed by her name. It is not our design to give "the life" of this estimable lady and writer here; it is our earnest hope that her "life" is far yet from being completed, and that many years, multitudes of good deeds, and many productions of her pen will yet be added to her earthly record.

Her life in itself considered has in it nothing extraordinary; it has been rich in experience, both of joy and of sorrow; it has been an earnest, real human life, and we might say womanly life. She is of genuine Puritan stock, born of pious and intelligent parents, and raised under strict New England discipline. Her parents were not rich, but were the owners of the homestead; the children were all early put to work, so early that Mrs. Gardner says she can scarcely remember when she began to earn her own living. Her school days ended at thirteen years, and even at that early age real life began. She has been through all her life a voracious reader, devouring every thing that came before her, fiction, history, poetry, travels, and biography, often, in her earlier years, reading all night, after working all day, and eating her meals with an open book on the table. For this folly and extravagance she has dearly paid in years of suffering. At best she was a slender-built, delicate girl, more spirit than body; in her girlish years she was one of those airy, sprightly, mirthful girls, full of talk, that seem made rather for

a joy in the world, than for any particular utility. She was blessed with a most retentive memory, retaining lessons, poems, facts, etc., after a single reading. The over-use of her rich brain endowments soon exhausted her slight physical powers, and laid the foundation of a life-long invalidism. In very early life she began to write compositions, even before she was able to form the letters, having to "print" them out. In this exercise she exchanged with the other school children, she writing their compositions, and they doing her sums in arithmetic.

But the best part of her education was received after her marriage. This took place at the age of twenty years. Her husband was Rev. Abel Gardner, of the Rhode Island Conference, a man of education and culture, and of association with men and women of education at Wilbraham Academy and the Wesleyan University at Middletown. He was seven years the senior of his sprightly young wife. Mrs. G. very naively says, "You will wonder at his choosing a wife so uneducated. I wonder at it, too, but I think the match was made in heaven. He needed me quite as much as I needed him. He had naturally a desponding temperament, and mine was like the unclouded sunshine. He richly enjoyed the brighter side of life, but was totally unable to furnish the article. I knew how to dispel the darkness and scatter his despondency to the winds. A little before his death he told me that he never could have met the trials of the itinerancy if it had not been for my cheerful disposition. He said I had made the light of his life. Ah, I can never tell how the brightness went out of mine when he died."

This is true marriage, when husband and wife are the real complements of each other, and together make one complete, joyous, successful human life. Mrs. Gardner had but little experience in the life

of the world or the life of home when she entered upon the duties of housekeeping. She assures us that those articles entitled, "My First Year of House-keeping," which first appeared in the Repository, and which were largely copied, and since issued in a book, are a correct account of that part of her life. After her marriage she began to grow rapidly in richness of life and experience, so much so that much of her writing is but an embodiment in modified form and under different names of her own experiences and observations. Hence the life-like character of her stories; they are real human life as seen and experienced by a sensitive and acute observer, blessed with a great capability for translating these experiences into human language. She has invented but little, and therefore gives us true fiction, stories of real life, and this is the secret of their charm. It is the secret, too, of her constant freshness and originality. She grows in breadth and depth of experience, and her stories grow with her. Her earlier stories are about the upper surfaces of life. They were written while her teacher-husband lived, and while she herself was learning life. They were written when she had so many and so varied occupations that she could not read or write with any system as to time. It was a bit scribbled here and there amid housework and sewing, written in the evenings after company had retired, or any time when a leisure hour could be obtained. Yet we all remember how precious the "bits" were, because they were fragments of real life told by an appreciative and genial narrator.

In 1863 her husband died. Then she "had leisure enough;" then, too, she began to descend from the surface scenes of human life to the deeper fountains of its joys and sorrows. And yet, though it is a bereaved and lonely mourner, and a suffering invalid who is leading us into these deeper and richer phases of human life, it is a genial spirit that is our interpreter, one that amid its own and the world's sorrows still maintains its tenderness, cheerfulness, and sympathy. Her life has been full of sadness, yet not a line of morbidness appears in her writings. After the death of her husband she became an almost incessant writer, several influences impelling her to this. First, she wrote because she could not help it; she had much to say, and was impelled to say it; then, she wrote as a panacea to her pain and sorrow, quieting her own heart and alleviating her own physical pains by describing those of others; then, she tells us, she was morbidly anxious to secure an independence, the idea of being a pensioner on the Church as a fallen itinerant's widow becoming a morbid dread, so that she felt that death was a less evil than dependence. As a result of this constant labor she has secured several things; first, a prostrated nervous system and all its consequent sufferings; secondly, a competence for the present and for some years to come; and thirdly, the fruits of her labor in ten published volumes, and hundreds of articles in different magazines and papers. She has not, in our judgment, secured any thing near the fame that she deserves. She suffers in this respect from the force

of circumstances. She has not been a writer out in the world and for the world. Her contributions have been mainly to our own denominational literature, and her writings have as a consequence been mostly limited in their circulation to our own Church. This was her loss, but our gain. Had she struck out in the wide field of the world and gained her footing there, she would have taken a proud rank by the side of such authors as Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Stowe, Alice Cary, Anna Warner, etc. Yet she can take to herself the thought that, probably, under this providence of God, she has done as grand a work as any of them, by holding a foremost place in the cultivation and development of a pure and high literature among the writers and readers of a Church of more than a million members.

Mrs. Gardner is now fifty years old; she is occupying rooms in her sister's home, in her native place, surrounded by beautiful scenes both without and within. She carried thither with her the remains of her husband, and laid them away beside those of her parents and brothers in a lovely rural cemetery. "I am contented and cheerful," she writes, "looking hopefully forward to the time when I shall meet him and them again. It is eight years since I, who went out so full of blessings, came back here empty. But 'he doeth all things well.'"

THE NEW REFORMATION.—The great reformation in Germany is steadily gaining ground. Instead of subsiding like a temporary ripple as was prophesied, the opposition to the Ultramontane party grows stronger and more promising. There can be but little doubt that it has the sympathy, if not the active co-operation of the most intelligent and independent minds in the Roman Catholic Church throughout Germany. The election of Professor Doellinger as Rector of the University of Munich gave a prestige and power to the movement, for it showed that leading men were not afraid to commit themselves squarely against the decision of the Vatican Council. The Government of Bavaria are unmistakably in favor of refusing to wear the yoke which the acceptance of the Papal infallibility would impose. The religious conflict has already led to a change of cabinets, and the sending of a representative to Rome in favor of the reformers. A meeting is to be held during the present month to formally organize, so that there is every prospect of a serious split in the German Catholic Church that may be followed in other lands.

At the conclave of the North German Bishops in the cathedral at Fulda, it was determined to adopt serious measures in regard to the object of the conference, and take immediate and decisive steps against the unjust and aggressive policy pursued toward them by Minister Muhler. They are determined to repel all the advances of Minister Muhler in reference to their mode of worship, which they intend to adopt to suit the views of the new departure, and request Muhler to attend to politics, reserving for themselves the liberty and power to deal with matters ecclesiastical. Having fully expressed their views

and shown their indignation at the interference of this statesman, the bishops brought in a joint resolution, stating that in all matters touching the Church they were determined to disregard his decrees *in toto*, and concluded by ordering one petition to be sent to the Reichstag, and another to the Kaiser William for redress. The bishops are beginning to depart from Fulda.

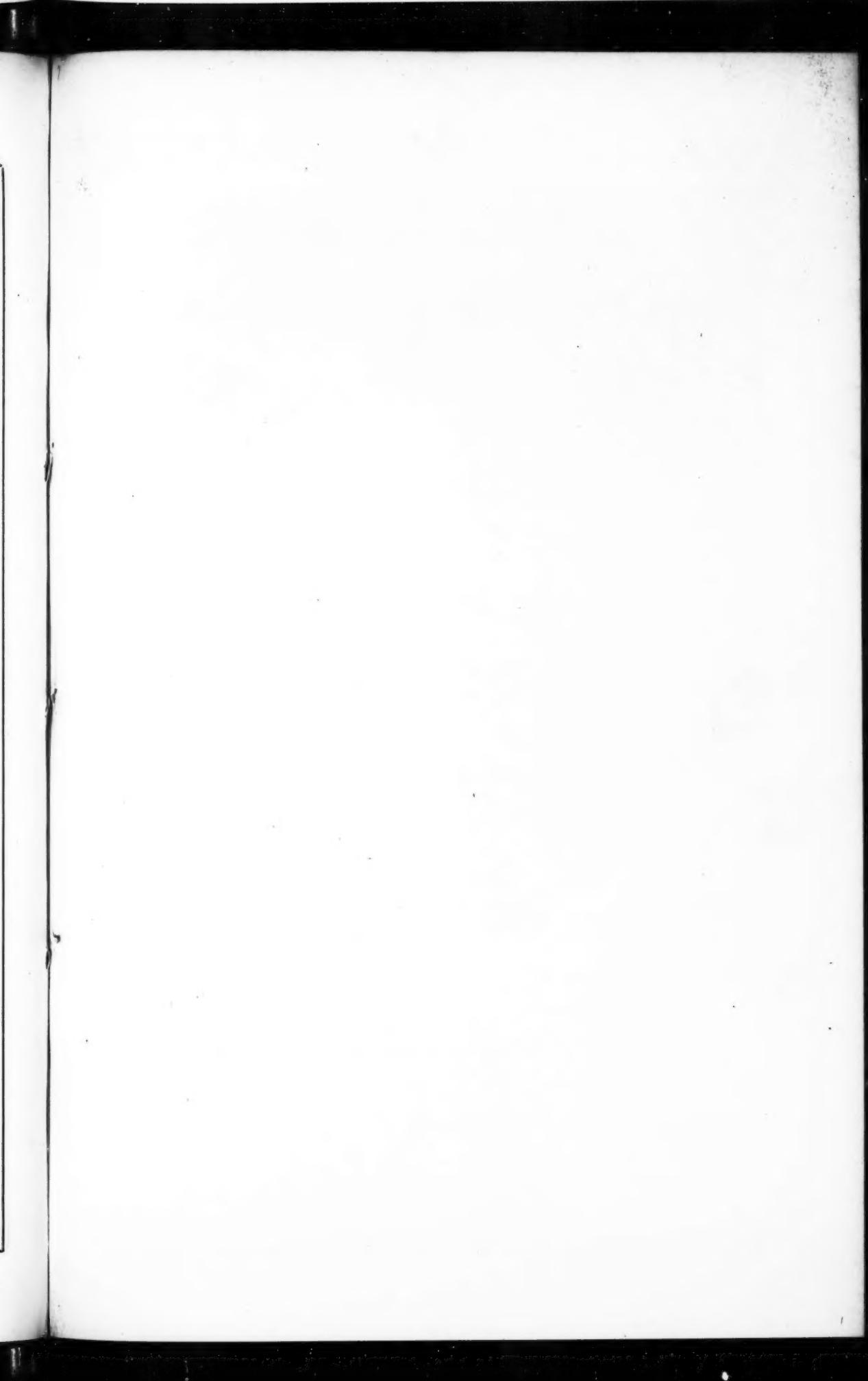
The reforms that the "Old Catholic" party propose to carry out are very important, and the present condition of political affairs in Germany gives the movement special advantages. The full weight of the German Empire will be given against the schemes and pretensions of the Ultramontanes and Jesuits. Austria has already taken her position. It will in all probability prove the greatest movement against Popery since the Protestant Reformation. Three thousand families in Vienna applied to the minister of religion for permission to have mass performed in the cathedral by priests who have remained faithful to the "pure old Christian doctrine." The old Catholics are organizing throughout Bohemia and Corinthia, and they have started their first newspaper. A fund has been started for the support of priests who may be excommunicated or deprived of their benefices for opposing the dogma of infallibility. Above all, a thorough understanding has been reached that this movement shall not rest with repudiating the new dogma, but that a general reform of the Church must now take place. The laity must be admitted to power in the Church, and the whole scheme of Church dogma must be revised. Singularly enough, this movement seems to be quite as strong among the Catholics of Austria and South Germany as in the northern countries. The Ultramontane bishops in Hungary having threatened to bring suit against Herr Pauier, the minister of instruction, for refusing to allow the promulgation of the dogma, Francis Joseph has himself written a letter rebuking them. In answer to this shall we hear a fulmination from Fulda against the "aggressive policy" of the Emperor? The fact is, that the enormous pretensions of the Ultramontanes have alarmed the potentates and incensed the people, and an opposition to them has been aroused that will not cease till their prestige is broken.

The agitation is also extending itself to France. Father Hyacinthe has written a letter to Father Penaud, a priest of the Oratory, and Professor of Ecclesiastical History at the Sorbonne, in reply to some remarks made by the latter at the funeral of the late Archbishop of Paris at the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Father Hyacinthe denies that he ever acted as an ungrateful and rebellious son toward Monseigneur Darboy, or was reproached by him. He would bring forward proofs of these assertions, he says, but for his desire to respect the silence of a newly made grave. Father Hyacinthe then explains why he can not return to the place he has left vacant. He is fighting, he says, in silence and in isolation, against the fanaticism which is endeavoring to reduce the Church to the position of a mere political party. France has been invaded and ruined by the Ultra-

montanes, he adds, just as she has been by the Prussians, and ecclesiastically subjected by the Court of Berlin.

A NEW EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—While this protest is growing and strengthening in Europe against the extravagances of Romanism, a formidable party is rising in the Protestant Episcopal Church of our own country in opposition to the doctrines and usages of High Churchism. Both movements will result in deepening the conviction of all intelligent people against all extravagant pretensions in doctrines or usages in the Church of Christ, and will greatly promote the progress of true, simple, evangelical Christianity. The Protestant Episcopal movement has its center in what is known as the new Union Prayer-Book. This is a prayer-book which has been recently compiled and published, from which every thing that savors of Popery has been expunged. The Psalter is taken from the common version of the Bible; passages from the Apocrypha are omitted from the lessons, and the books of Job and the Revelation are inserted; the thirty-nine articles are reduced to thirty-one, and their language is altered. The article of absolution after general confession is omitted, and the promises of Scripture are inserted instead of it. The sentence, "He descended into hell," is omitted from the apostles' creed, as is also "one baptism for the remission of sins" from the Nicene creed. Eight commands of Christ from the New Testament are added to the ten commandments in the communion service, and the invitation to partake of the elements is extended to members of all denominations. The baptism of infants is termed "the consecration of children to the Lord," and instead of the minister saying, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father," etc., he says, "We consecrate thee to the Lord;" but should the parents or sponsors wish it, the pastor will say, "I baptize thee," in which case water will be applied, but it is the aim of the compilers that children shall not be baptized till such time as they can answer for themselves, although "consecrated" when infants. The order of confirmation is performed by the minister laying his hands upon the head of every one of the candidates separately—not the one bishop, as of old. The bishops of this new denomination will be "installed," not consecrated, while a presbyter of any denomination, providing he is duly certified, will, after examination, and on expressing his desire to join this branch of the Church, be admitted to the ministry. Several prayers, etc., have been added.

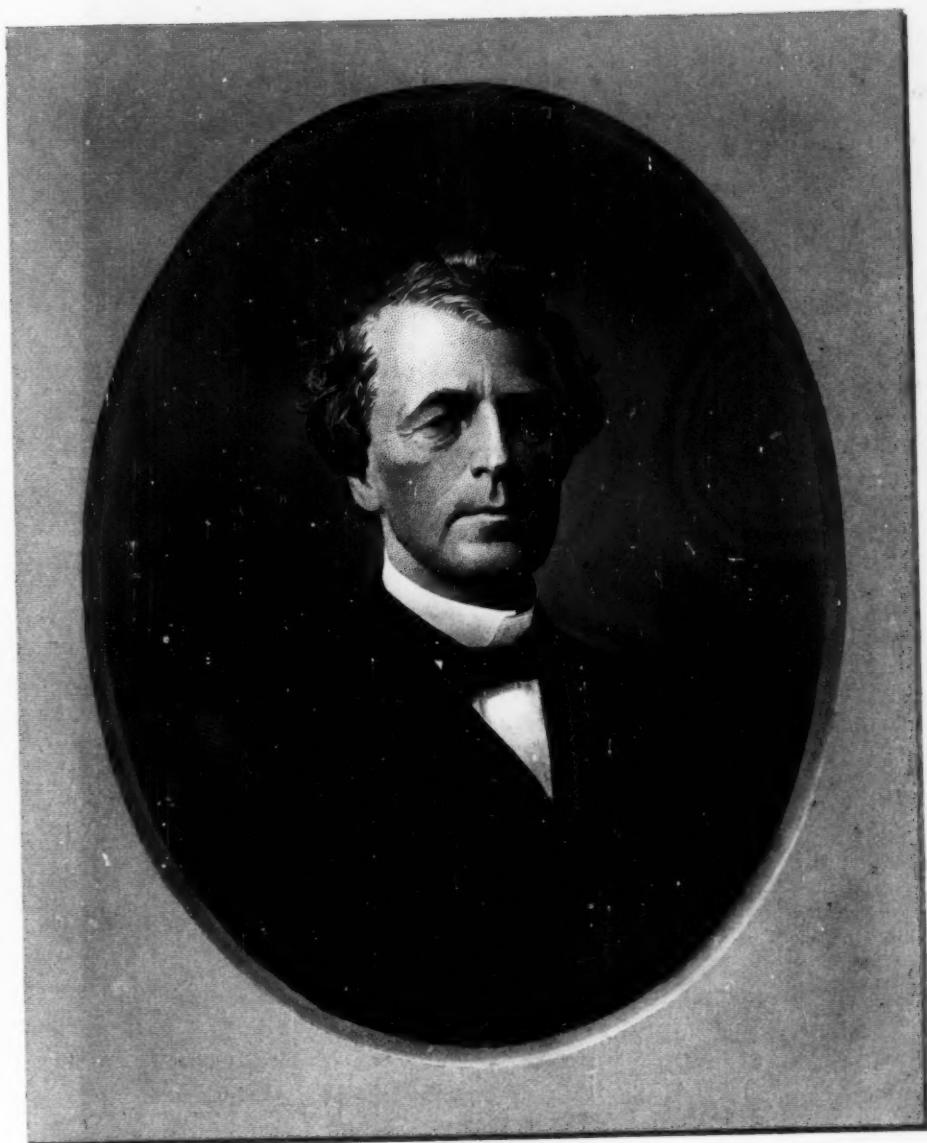
The Rev. Messrs. Thrall and Gallagher, in New York, with the consent of their congregations, have adopted the Union Prayer-Book, and formally withdrawn from the Protestant Episcopal Church. It is probable Mr. Cheney, of Chicago, and others will become identified with the new movement. It is significant that while this movement is going on in America, a Free Church of England is being formed in Britain. These changes, although quietly brought about, are actually the formation of new and independent Episcopal Churches.



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REV LUKE HITCHCOCK, D.D.

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